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Joining

Prologue

"Bluefur!" a golden colored tom called.

"Yes, Sunstar?" Bluefur replied.

"I want you to take Rosetail and Thrushpelt with you to look for kittypets in ThunderClan territory," he answered gesturing his head toward two warriors who were sunning themselves in rhe center of camp.

Bluefur sighed, *why did he have to choose **those** warrior*s?

"Yes, Sunstar." she said with a curt nod. Bluefur turned towards the sunning warriors. Rosetail let out a merrow of satisfaction.

"Have you come to confess your love for Thrushpelt?"

Both Bluefur and Thrushpelt gave her a quick glare.

"What brings you here, Bluefur?" Thrushpelt asked.

"We are going kittypet hunting," Bluefur joked, "On Sunstar's command!"

Rosetail looked with a grumpy face at her leader, "Why can't he send Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw with you? They both hate kittypets."

"Thistleclaw is rough." Bluefur explained, "He would kill a kittypet,"

Rosetail sighed and heaved herself up

"Fine, as long as you two get some time together," she said, ending with a smirk.

Bluefur hissed in a grumpy tone and followed Rosetail, she turned to see Thrushpelt following her as well.

The three warriors traveled through the forest winding through trees.

Rosetail ran ahead of Thrushpelt and Bluefur. *Probably hoping Thrushpelt and I will bond.*

Bluefur smelled Rosetail approaching them and, sure enough, Rosetail burst through the bushes, panting.

"Kittypet scent! This way!" she turned and raced through the forest again.

Once they found the kittypet, Bluefur noted that it was only a kit.

"Hi!" he exclaimed.

Rosetail looked at Bluefur and back at the kittypet, "Hey, little guy, I am-"

"I am not *little*!" he interrupted.

"Sorry. Anyway, my name is Rosetail," Rosetail flicked her tail to Bluefur and Thrushpelt, "and this is Thrushpelt and Bluefur. We are from ThunderClan."

"ThunderClan! You must be wild cats!" he exclaimed.

Bluefur nodded, "Why are you so far from home?"

"I ran away, the forest is much nicer!" he said.

Thrushpelt stepped to Bluefur's side,

"What is your name?"

"Tiny!"

Bluefur leaned over to Thrushpelt and whispered, "We should take him to camp."

"With Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw around? Never!"

"Let's take off his collar and say we found him with his dying

mother,"

Thrushpelt leaned away and pinned the kit down, "Hold still,"

Thrushpelt began to chew through Tiny's collar, soon after, he broke through.

"Let's bring him back now,"

Rosetail guided the kit with them back to camp.

When they arrived back at camp they ignored all the worried stares from other warriors and headed straight toward where Tawnyspots and Sunstar were sharing a vole. Sunstar looked up with a very puzzled face. Rosetail jerked her head toward the leaders den.

Sunstar sighed, "I send you kittypet hunting and you bring me a kit?" he looked from the kit to Bluefur, "Very well, come to my den, all of you."

Tawnyspots, Bluefur, Thrushpelt, Rosetail, and Tiny all followed Sunstar to his den.

"Is he a kittypet?" Tawnyspots asked.

"Yes," Bluefur replied, "But do you think we could tell the clan he was a loner we found with his dead mother? Thistleclaw would have a fit if a kittypet joined the clan."

Sunstar sat and gave it some thought,

"Is he a run away?"

Thrushpelt put his tail around the kit, "Yes, he actually came into the forest intending to join ThunderClan,"

"Fine I will allow him to train here. But, if he slacks off and acts like a kittypet, we will send him back to his kittypet life," Sunstar announced, "Bluefur, we will apprentice him, I wish you to be his mentor."

Bluefur nodded and looked down at Tiny so did Sunstar.

Sunstar spoke "Are you ready to be a clan cat, Tinypaw?"

Chapter One: New beginnings

Tinypaw had slept uneasily last night knowing what came the next day. He woke up and stretched. He had slept with Bluefur and Whitekit in the nursery. There was one kit he met, Frostkit, she was a pretty, white cat. The two had played a great amount that night. Tinypaw heared Sunstar call for a clan meeting and rushed out of his den, Bluefur held him back with his tail and gave his ears a wash, "You will act like a warrior."

she scowled.

Thrustpelt touched her spine lightly with his tail as he walked by, "You were the same way, and so are all kits." he purred in a mocking tone.

Bluefur shot Thrushpelt a glance and continued to groom Tinypaw, "Alright, Tinypaw, it's time for your big day."

Tinypaw nodded and ran to the middle of the clearing, he saw two cats emerge from the medicine den. He assumed them to be Goosefeather and Featherwhisker. Goosefeather looked at Tinypaw with wide eyes as he passed him, Goosefeather stopped for a quick second to hiss at Tinypaw and kept walking. Bluefur and Thrushpelt walked up to him and sat on either side of Tinypaw. Thrushpelt leaned down and whispered in Tinypaw's ear,

"Don't mind Goosefeather, he can be a little grouchy sometimes,"

Tinypaw jerked his head up toward high rock when heard Sunstar call.

"Cats of ThunderClan, I gather you here today to bring good news. We have a young tom joining us," Sunstar gestured with his tail for Tinypaw to sit with him on high rock, Tinypaw did so, "Tiny is a young loner who Bluefur's patrol found. He was with his mother, but, sadly, she passed," there were murmurs of confusion and pity, "She took it upon herself to save Tiny, and we welcome him with open paws as long as he follows our ways," there was cats

whispering in agreement, "Tiny, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?"

Tinypaw nodded his head.

"Then I hereby name you Tinypaw!"

The clan began to chant his name. Sunstar had already named him Tinypaw, but he need to to an official meeting.

"Bluefur, you have led a sad life and yet you are so loyal, and happy in life. I ask of you to pass these attributes onto Tinypaw."

Bluefur nodded and walked up to Tinypaw, she touched noses with him and led him down high rock. Tinypaw looked up at her as they went to the fresh kill pile.

"You have not eaten yet; eat and then we will hunt,"

Tinypaw quickly gulped down a mouse, he turned around to see a large, spikey gray cat with a somewhat smaller brown, tabby tom walked up.

"Bluefur, Sunstar said we had to go hunting with you and your... thing." The gray tom said in a grumpy tone.

"His *nam*e is Tinypaw," Bluefur growled.

Tinypaw noticed a lot of tension coming from these two cats, they must not like eachother.

"Are you not going to introduce me to *Tinypaw?"* the gray tom growled back.

"Tinypaw, this is Thistleclaw. And this young, brown tom is Tigerpaw. He is training, just like you." Bluefur explained.

Tinypaw stuck his tail up in the air, maybe Tigerpaw would be his friend!

"Hey, Tigerpaw! Nice to meet you!" Tinypaw mewed.

Tigerpaw looked up at him and then to his mentor, Thistleclaw was looking away. Tigerpaw gave Tinypaw a smile and whispered, "Hello!"

Suddenly Tinypaw watched with horror as Thistleclaw batted the back of Tigerpaw's head, "Mouse-brained fox dung! Don't be so nice, he has not prooved himself yet!"

he growled.

Bluefur pushed Thistleclaw away from. Tigerpaw as she walked by them and she hissed over her shoulder, "Let's go! We have hunting to do,"

Thistleclaw hissed back but said no more as he followed her through the forest.

"I think we should let *my apprentic*e put Tinypaw to the test." Thistleclaw growled.

"Why should we do that?" Bluefur argued.

"Because, then you and I will have time to catch prey while they train!" Thistleclaw retorted.

Eventually after a large amount of arguing Bluefur allowed Tigerpaw to train alone with Tinypaw.

"Tinypaw! Crouch down! I smell mouse!" Tigerpaw called quietly.

Tinypaw crouched down next to Tigerpaw and sniffed the air, sure enough, he smelled mouse.

"Put your tail and hind end like this."

Tinypaw copied Tigerpaw.

"And put your head like this,"

Tinypaw did as Tigerpaw did.

"Good job!" Tigerpaw exclaimed, "Now stalk it and catch it!"

Tinypaw set each paw with the gentleness that a queen would do with her kit. Once he saw the mouse he pounce on it. Feeling warmth and movement in his paws, Tinypaw leaned down and bit the mouse's neck.

"Good, now pray to StarClan for the gift they have given you."

Tinypaw knew very little about StarClan but he promised to follow the code, so he quickly did so.

"Nice catch!" Tigerpaw exclaimed.

Tinypaw was really confused on why Tigerpaw liked him, Whitekit and Frostkit had complained about how mean he was.

Well I like him, Tinypaw thought.

On the way back to camp Tinypaw admired the two squirrels Bluefur had caught. Tigerpaw had caught a shrew and a bird. Tinypaw had only caught a mouse, but at least he did better than Thistleclaw. Thistleclaw only brought back some old crow food. Bluefur had told him to throw it into ShadowClan territory or something but Thistleclaw never listened. Once Tinypaw got to camp he was greeted by his two new friends, Frostkit and Whitekit. They looked at him in amazement when they saw his catch.

"Wow! Great job Tinypaw! Could we eat it?" Frostkit asked.

Tinypaw looked over at Bluefur, she nodded.

Tinypaw put the mouse down at the kits' feet, "Here, it's all yours!"

Tinypaw felt a large cat brush up on his side, he looked up to see Thrushpelt smiling down at him.

"Nice job, next thing you know, you will be leader!" He teased.

Bluefur joined in, "Hip hip hoorah for Tinystar!"

Tinypaw let out a merrow of laughter. This type of teasing was different then what he had gotten at home, it was fun!

Tinypaw did not miss his old life at all, this was the life he was born for.

I will show my family how powerful I can be! One day, you will see how much better off I am without you!

Training

Chapter Two: Greetings

"Frostkit, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?" Sunstar asked.

Today was the day Tinypaw's friends got to train with him. He was so excited about having Whitekit and Frostkit train to become warriors.

Frostkit had only responded with a mew of happiness and a nod of her head.

"Then by word of our warrior ancestors, I name you Frostpaw!"

Tinypaw shouted as loud as he could,

"Frostpaw! Frostpaw!"

He looked across the clearing to see Tigerpaw doing the same thing.

Bluefur had kept telling Tinypaw it wad because of him that Tigerpaw had turned a little nicer. Tinypaw wanted to believe it, but he felt like Tigerpaw was always nice.

Tinypaw's thoughts were interrupted by Sunstar's call.

"Whitekit," he said. Tinypaw noticed Bluefur standing on her toes with her head and tail held up high. Bluefur rarely talked about her sister, but one time she told Tinypaw about what happend and why she would sleep in the nursery some times even though she was not a queen. Snowfur, her sister, had died shortly after giving birth because Bluefur asked her on a walk. The saw some ShadowClan warriors and Snowfur chased after them. Except she stood on the Thunderpath for too long and got hit by a monster. Whitekit was her kit and Bluefur felt responsible for caring for him.

Sunstar spoke again, "Do you promise to uphold the warrior code

even at the cost of your own life?"

Whitekit responded, obviously trying to sound like a warrior, but it was obvious he was scared and excited, "Yes, for as long as I live,"

Sunstar gave a quick purr of amusement and spoke again, "Then by the power of StarClan I name you Whitepaw!"

Again, Tinypaw mewed at the top of his lungs for Whitepaw, "Yay Whitepaw! Whitepaw!"

"Frostpaw, I wish to mentor you."

It was quite obvious Bluefur had grown close to Frostpaw because she ran her tail down her spine and spoke softly to her, "Because you deserve nothing less,"

Tinypaw felt warmed by Bluefur's kindness. Bluefur had a bit of a temper, but with kits she managed to calm that temper down.

"Whitepaw, I want you mentor to be, Patchpelt. Patchpelt is a well respected warrior in the clan and is extremely loyal, I expect him to pass on these attributes to you."

Bluefur nodded, clearly approving of Sunstar's decision for Whitepaw's mentor.

Sunstar only had one more apprentice to go, this was Brindlekit. Tinypaw never really talked to her, but she seemed nice.

"Brindlekit, do you promise to uphold the warrior code even at the cost of your own life?"

Brindlekit nodded her head.

"Then by the power of our warrior ancestors, I name you Brindlepaw!"

The clan began to chant her name.

"I wish to give you, Stormtail as your mentor, he is a loyal cat and his an exceptional fighter, I expect him to pass these attributes on to

you."

Tinypaw ran over to Bluefur to ask if they could go on a patrol sometime with Frostpaw and Whitepaw. He stopped when he saw her arguing with Thistleclaw, "At least now you won't be stealing my kit from me!" the large tom growled.

"I never stole him! Don't forget he is my kin too! You mouse-brained fox dung!"

Tinypaw was extremely taken back by Bluefur's words, he could not believe what he was hearing! *I get that she hates him, but the words that she is using are really mean!*

"Heh, do you really think your words and little mewlings are going to hurt me? Why don't you try some real fighting like an *actual* warrior would!" Thistleclaw hissed.

"An *actual* warrior knows better to respect her clan mates more than what you do!"

Bluefur retorted.

Thistleclaw had opened his mouth to speak but was cut off but Sunstar's hiss

"Both of you! Shut-up! Your bickering will scare all the prey away and wake up every elder!" He ordered glad I at the two warriors with an unfiltered anger that was un hideable.

Bluefur dipped her head in respect and tryed to sound as calm as possible,

"My apologies, Sunstar." she said

"Mine as well," Thistleclaw growled.

"Both of you are now responsible for giving the elders new bedding, I expect you to get to it fast!"

Bluefur widened her eyes but before she could speak, Sunstar broke in, "If you two are going to act like apprentices, I will treat you like

them," he looked over to Tinypaw, "Tinypaw, Frostpaw, Whitepaw, Patchpelt, Tigerpaw, Stormtail, Brindlepaw, and I will be going for a tour of the forest and a patrol."

Frostpaw bounced up wih joy, but Whitepaw sat and looked sadly at Bluefur and Thistleclaw, he was clearly upset that the cat who mothered him and his father were fighting so much.

Bluefur looked back at him with a sorrowful expression.

Chapter Three: I Smell RiverClan!

"Alright, this is the border between RiverClan and ThunderClan. We currently own these rocks." Patchpelt said.

Sunstar broke in with a beginning growl, "These are Sunning Rocks, RiverClan and ThunderClan have been fighting over these rocks for moons. RiverClan think the rocks belong to them!"

Sunstar, Patchpelt, and Tigerpaw were swishing their tails violently.

"But these rocks are on ThunderClan's side of the river!" Brindlepaw exclaimed.

"RiverClan cats better watch their tails right now. Tinypaw and I will rip them to shreds if the step one paw on these rocks!" Tigerpaw boasted.

Tinypaw liked Tigerpaw's courage. Apparently, Tinypaw was one of the few cats Tigerpaw never used his claws on during training. Tinypaw was thankful for that. Tigerpaw's claws were huge!

There was a growl from across the river.

And for the first time, Tinypaw smelled another clan cat. He saw a brownish russet colored tom, and a brownish ginger tom with an odd shaped jaw.

Patchpelt growled, clearly angry, "Oakheart, Crookedjaw, what reason do you two have for being so aggressive?"

The russet tom responded with a hiss,

"We're just making sure you ThunderClan mouse-brains don't cross the border!"

"We are taking three of our newly named apprentices for a walk. It would certainly look bad on your clan if you attacked a patrol of young cats exploring the wild for the first time, wouldn't it, Oakheart?" Sunstar said trying to remain calm about the warrior who was clearly not having a good day, but it was obvious he was infuriated with the greedyness of the RiverClan warrior.

Oakheart looked immediately surprised as he gazed down at the small, newly named warriors.

Crookedjaw stepped in front of the other tom, he had clearly barely noticed the young apprentices, "My apologies, but, as a reminder to the cats that are our rivals," he clearly made a point that he had no intention of being nice to Tinypaw's patrol, "If we see you cross the border, we will have to attack. Keep that in mind, Sunstar," he finished with a growl.

Tigerpaw was flexing his claws clearly furious that Sunstar had let go Oakheart's clear battle challenge. Tinypaw had to admit as well that he was disappointed that they had let Oakheart get away with calling them names.

Sunstar nodded his head and turned away, flicking his tail telling the patrol to follow him. Tinypaw did so, turning his back on the RiverClan warriors. He found it extremely difficult to not turn around when he felt their eyes scorching his pelt. He let a jolt of anger surge through him, *They treated us like we were stupid dogs! Well, as long as **I** am here, ThunderClan will **never** be weak!*

Tinypaw felt the warmth of pride and ambition in him, thanks to ThunderClan, he had gained so much confidence, and he would forever grateful to them.

Once they had toured all of the territory, with a little bit of breaks and some hunting, it had been dark. Tinypaw had been completely drained of energy from the great amount of walking. He couldn't help but wonder how Bluefur and Thistleclaw were doing, *I do feel bad for them, but they were arguing like kits.* He had remembered

some of the times Thistleclaw took he and Tigerpaw for training alone and made them fight with claws out. Tinypaw still bore a scar from the vicious fight. Tigerpaw had swung his paw down over Tinypaw's eye, now he had a scar over his right eye.

Once the patrol had reached camp, mostly every cat was asleep. All the apprentices slid into their dens quietly to go to sleep. Tinypaw snuggled into his nest and drifted into a deep sleep.

Chapter Four: StarClan Welcomes

Tinypaw opened his eyes, startled to see what lied before him. He was surrounded by starry, mystical cats. He looked around the place they were in. *This is ThunderClan camp!*

"Tinypaw," one cat spoke, "we understand you want to be in this clan, but you were supposed to have anither destiny."

Tinypaw could barely think. Was this StarClan? "I don't know what you mean. I am a true, loyal ThunderClan cat."

Another cat stepped forward, "You were supposed to go further into the twoleg place,"

A third cat jumped in, "But Sunstar sent two of the wrong cats on a patrol, we told him who to send, but he disobeyed."

The cat who had spoken first broke in to speak, "He had told us that it was mouse-brained to send the two cats we told him to because they would kill a kittypet."

Tinypaw thought for a moment, *Could they be talking about Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw?* He swished his tail, very angry that they were implying that he should never have been in ThunderClan, even though he was training the hardest.

Tinypaw growled, "I am training harder than any apprentice! Why should I have to leave? This was my destiny, to be a great and powerful warrior!" he flexed his claws in anger.

The StarClan cats looked startled at each other.

A voice arose from behind him, "You have every right to be angry. But, I have an idea. Moonflower, may I speak?"

The cat that spoke first nodded.

Tinypaw turned around letting his stare burn into the cat that bad spoken pelt.

"Let him fight me, if he wins a battle against a StarClan cat, he is worthy to choose his destiny. If he looses, we will send him to the twoleg place."

Moonflower meowed in agreement, and so did all of the other cats.

"Fine then, if you wish to fight for honor, so be it. Lets fight!" Tinypaw spat. He flung himself at the grey tom who had started the fight, claws out. The tom dodged to one side and clawed Tinypaw's shoulder. Tinypaw hissed in pain, this tom had really long claws. Tinypaw felt himself being rammed to the ground. The grey tom sunk his claws into Tinypaw's side. Tinypaw yowled in pain as he felt his fur become soaked in his own blood. Tinypaw flipped onto his back and clawed the other cat's face badly. The grey tom staggered backwards while flicking blood out of his eyes, *He must have allowed himself to bleed in StarClan for the sake of rhe figh*t. Tinypaw let his paw flash out in a hissing fury at the tom. Without stopping, he kicked his paw up beneath he tom's belly and began kicking and scratching his belly as much as possible. He could hear the other tom hissing in pain. Tinypaw slipped him body beneath the tom and came back out behind him, Tinypaw snapped his jaws down on the tom's tail as hard as he could. Tinypaw then jumped up onto the tom's back and sunk his teeth into the back of his neck, Tinypaw pulled back to lick the blood off of his face and dove in again. Tinypaw felt himself being shaken about. Tinypaw realized he was only winning because of his small size. Tinypaw sunk his claws into the tom's shoulders for stability. He heared the tom hiss in defeat and pain,

"I give up! You win! Let go of me, please!"

Tinypaw jumped off of the tom's back and watched him fall to the ground Tinypaw looked down to see a puddle with his reflection in

it. He noticed all of the blood on his pelt, some his, some not. He stared sharp claws at the StarClan cats before he spoke,

"I beat StarClan. Now am I worthy of choosing where I stay?"

The StarClan cat's said nothing, they just stared at him in shock. After a few moments, Moonflower spoke,

"Yes. You are worthy to be in the clans. We should have known this already seeing as we were able to walk in your dreams," she meowed, "You may stay in ThunderClan,"

Chapter Five: Battle Confusion

"Tinypaw!?!"

Tinypaw woke with a start when he heared Frostpaw's voice.

"What is it?" Tinypaw yawned.

"You're covered in claw marks and blood!"

Tinypaw stood up quickly and looked down at his blood soaked pelt. He had been in an actual fight during his dream! Abd if that was so, Frostpaw would smell the blood of the other cat that was on his paws and face.

Tinypaw looked back up to Frostpaw and saw that all of the apprentices had started staring at him. He heard Tigerpaw's voice,

"I smell ShadowClan blood," he growled, looking suspiciously at Tinypaw.

The cat I fought must have been ShadowClan.

Bluefur rushed into the den with Brindlepaw behind her. *Brindlepaw told Bluefur!*

"What in StarClan's name happened to you, Tinypaw?" she meowed in a both angry and worried tone.

"I fought a cat last night in a dream." Tinypaw explained.

Bluefur's eyes widened.

"Every cat but Tinypaw, leave this den *now"* Bluefur ordered.

The other apprentices did so. Bluefur batted Tinypaw up the side of his head and pinned him down.

"Did you *kill* a StarClan cat?!"

"What? No! StarClan are already dead, how could I kill them?"

"You just can!" Bluefur hissed, "Why are you soaked in *blood?*"

Tinypaw had no clue how come Bluefur was so scared. *Does she think I am a murderer?* No. Bluefur knew him too well to think he would cold heartedly kill a cat.

"StarClan told me that being in ThunderClan was not my destiny, I told them that I was training harder than any apprentice. One former ShadowClan warrior asked Moonflower if we could settle it by having a full tooth and claw fight," Tinypaw explained.

Bluefur's enraged eyes soon became filled with sadness, she still pinned him down, but her eyes were wide with sorrow.

"Moonflower was my mother," she explained, "How do you know about her? I have never told you anything about her."

"The ShadowClan cat called her Moonflower," Tinypaw replied, "Do you believe I saw StarClan now?"

Bluefur loosened her grip on Tinypaw, after she sat down and let her head droop,

"Moonflower would never watch another warrior die. I believe you." she meowed quietly with a sigh.

"Good, because all I could hope for in this world, is your trust," Tinypaw smiled

Bluefur led Tinypaw out if the den and brought him to the river to wash the blood off of his pelt.

"Tinypaw, you are like a son to me, that is why I was scared," Bluefur meowed, "I love you," she turned to him and smiled.

"I could never ask for a better mother," he purred, "My mother hated me and treated me horribly."

"I am glad that I can raise you as my kit," she purred back while licking his ears.

The Newcomer

In this section, Tinypaw is now a warrior, so are all his friends. Bluefur is now leader of the clan. Tinyclaw finds himself falling in love with one of his old friends.

Chapter Six: Sunning Rocks

Tinyclaw, formerly known as Tinypaw, rushed into battle with his closest friend beside him, Tigerclaw. Tinyclaw looked to his other side to see Redtail, ThunderClan deputy, racing beside him, his already fluffy tail poofed out in anger. Tinyclaw broke out of the battle line to handle a group of apprentices who were ganging up on Longtail. Claws extended in a hissing fury he jumped on two of the apprentices who were side by side. Tinyclaw took two swipes and had them running for the river. He turned to Longtail and ordered him, "Cover Ravenpaw and Dustpaw!" he hissed. Longtail gave a quick nod and bolted for the young apprentices. Tinyclaw turned around to see Tigerclaw and Oakheart fighting. Tinyclaw prayed to StarClan his friend could get out of the fight without being hurt badly. Tinyclaw began to rush over to help Tigerclaw, but found he was too late. Oakheart slashed Tigerclaw's muzzle, leaving a large mark trailing across Tigerclaw's face. Tigerclaw managed to pin Oakheart down. Tinyclaw saw that Tigerclaw could handle it and went to tell Redtail to cut off the fight.

"Redtail! We have to retreat, too many ThunderClan cats are being hurt! Even Tigerclaw is struggling," Tinyclaw looked over to see Tigerclaw fighting off about five RiverClan apprentices. Redtail looked over to Tinyclaw and nodded in agreement.

"Retreat, ThunderClan, Retreat!" he yowled. The majority of warriors ran off but some ThunderClan warriors glared at Redtail. Tinyclaw ran off before an argument could start.

Chapter Seven: Revenge

Tinyclaw woke up late that morning because he had plenty of

poppy seeds that Spottedleaf had given him to help with the pain of his injuries. He noticed Tigerclaw's nest was empty. *He must be checking the RiverClan border.* Tinyclaw yawned and left the warriors den. He got a warm feeling inside when he saw Sandpaw and Dustpaw playing with the kits by the nursery. He smiled and walked over to the fresh kill pile, he inhaled the aromas happily as he picked a squirrel off of the pile. But as he did so he picked up a strange scent coming from the entrance to the camp. He looked over to see Whitestorm and Lionheart, but they were not alone, he saw a smaller, ginger tom wearing a blue collar following them. Tinyclaw eyed the young cat carefully, noting him to be a kittypet. *I wonder why Bluestar never took* his *collar away?*

Tinyclaw heard Longtail hissing from the warriors den. He couldn't blame Longtail for being angry, clan blood was important in the forest and if kittypets are let in too much, it will never be wild. Though, he was grateful for being in this clan, he agreed that too many kittypets in a clan ruins the point of it being a clan. He watched has he saw Lionheart, Whitestorm, and the kittypet walk over to him. He sunk his claws in the ground to refrain from walking away - Tinyclaw was very shy.

"Hello, Tinyclaw. I would like you to meet Rusty. He will be joining our clan," Lionheart meowed.

"Hi, Rusty," Tinyclaw quickly said before jerking his head back up to the older warriors, "You only brought him over here because I was a loner before I came here," he lied. No cat in the clan now, aside from Bluestar and Rosetail, who was now an elder, knew he was a former kittypet. Tawnyspots, Thrushpelt, and Sunstar had all joined StarClan.

"I guess you could say that. But the real reason is that Bluestar asked us if you would temporarily mentor him until she can find a mentor that properly suits his personality." Whitestorm replied.

"I could," Tinyclaw knew Bluestar did not pick him because he was the best warrior, it was simply the fact he was a kittypet, Tinyclaw growled as he headed towards high rock. He had no wish to even look at the kittypet. Last time he saw cats that lived in twoleg place was an awful time. He felt his memories rush into his thoughts.

Whitestorm, Tinyclaw, Lionheart, and Tigerclaw had been sent into twoleg place to tell the rouges there to back off of ThunderClan territory. They were repulsed by the smell and the feeling of being trapped by the extremely tall twoleg dens and the mass amount of monsters. They turned down into a darker, narrow place that smelled like rats. Tinyclaw had been stunned to see the two cats he had hoped he would never see again, or better for him, he hoped they were dead. *Socks and Ruby, his two abusive kin, stood at the end of the dark area. Their fur was messy and mangled and it looked as though they had not eaten much in moons. Tinyclaw looked down at his belly noticing how much larger it was than theirs. In fact, in their state, he looked much bigger than them. Finally, this was his chance to prove them wrong.*

"Tiny?" Ruby gasped.

Socks jerked up his head and put on a relieved face, "He has come to help us!"

Tinyclaw let out a hiss, "My name is Tinyclaw, and I would never *want to help* you*!" He flexed his claws, noting they were much larger that his kin's.*

Ruby scowled at him in disgust, "So you are still good for nothing? Not hard to believe."

Tigerclaw walked up to the she~cat and swated her head so hard, she fell to the ground. Tinyclaw noticed a scratch with blood seeping from it on her cheek.

Tigerclaw hissed in her ear, "Tinyclaw is a valued member within us wild cats. He has even killed two dogs in his life time," Tigerclaw pressed his claws into Ruby's shoulder, "I don't know who you are, or how you know him, but I will allow him to kill *you without hesitation,"*

Tinyclaw knew very well that he could kill both of his siblings alone, but it was definitely a greater punishment to allow them to starve. He went over to Tigerclaw and Ruby and pulled the ThunderClan warrior off of his sister.

He growled at Tigerclaw and watched the other warrior's tail droop.

"I apologize for my friend, Ruby," Tinyclaw said almost too happily, "But what he said is correct. I have killed dogs, met wild cats, joined them, and I have won battles,"

Socks growled from behind him, "So you have the power to help us. Dosent blood mean anything to you?" he hissed

"Yes, blood means everything. Every enemy that I feel my claws rip their pelt and the blood seeps out, every drop of blood from the prey I catch for my clan, every drop of blood of my own spilled protecting our kits and elders. But the blood of where you come from or who you are related to does not matter, not if your family never treated you like you shared blood," Tinyclaw growled, "Blood means nothing to you. Your path is blurred from your blindness. The blindness to see what is worth doing and was is not worth doing; the blindness to see what is right and what is wrong,"

Tinyclaw turned to the other warriors who stood so quietly behind him, he thought about the consequences of what he was about to say, "And I refuse to kill you for what you have done, because I would rather watch you starve in pain as you beg for mercy. That *is the only punishment suitable for what you have done to me," Tinyclaw hissed and turned to walk away. He was surprised to hear no a arguement from his kin. He felt the dark cloud that had hung over his head become removed from his life forever, and he only foresaw happiness ahead of him. As the other warriors followed him out of the dark place they smelled another scent. They saw a large black and white tom and one russet furred she cat who looked to be pregnet. They both wore collars. The black and white tom hissed at Tinyclaw and his patrol.*

"We mean no harm," Lionheart spoke.

"We come to speak to the cat with the most authority," Whitestorm meowed.

The black and white tom looked over to the queen, and then growled, "That would be those cats you mis treated back there."

Tinyclaw spun around to see his siblings standing right behind them.

"Ruby, Socks, I will only say this once," Tinyclaw growled, "Next time I

see any *of your cats in the forest, I will kill them and then come here to kill you. The clans will show no mercy when handling you!" he hissed.*

"Bone, deal with him." Ruby growled with a cunning smile.

Tinyclaw flipped around to see the black and white cat flying at him. Tinyclaw jumped upward and out stretched his claws. He felt his claws sink into Bone's face. He clawed downward, leaving a huge mark covering the tom's whole face. Bone out stretched his paw to claw Tinyclaw's ear. Tinyclaw dodged, but soon realized he dodged to the wrong direction. He felt teeth sink into his ear and claws sink into his back. Tinyclaw pulled away, but when he looked up to the tom he saw a horrifying sight. The tom stood there, grinning, holding Tinyclaw's ear in his mouth. Tinyclaw felt blood drip down his head. Tinyclaw flew into a rage and barreled over the much larger tom and pinned him to the ground. He began sinking his claws slowly into the tom's throat, watching as blood spurted out as Bone tried to yowl in pain, but only found himself spitting out blood. Tinyclaw saw that his white paw was no longer white, but it was completely red. Tinyclaw had no clue what had come over him, but he found himself twisting his paw from side to side finishing to other cats life. He glanced over to the side, to where a pool of blood was that he could see his reflection, and saw how wild and angry he looked, his eyes were slits and his teeth bared. Whitestorm and Lionheart stood, staring at him with wide eyes, unable to speak. Tigerclaw gave Tinyclaw a nod of approval and respect. Tinyclaw removed his paw from Bone and turned to his siblings, he growled.

"Us wild cats are to be feared, that will be you if you let your warriors step one paw into the forest, I guarantee it,"

Tinyclaw shook the memory out of his head and focused on the high rock where Rusty, Bluestar, and Lionheart stood.

Bluestar yowled, "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey meet by high rock for a clan meeting!"

Chapter Eight: Fire

"At times like these, ThunderClan needs new warriors, that is why I have asked this cat to join our clan," Bluestar finished.

Some cats seemed happy but others seemed very enraged by the thought of letting bin outsiders. Bluestar never gave the clan a sob story behind Rusty. She just said he would joining the clan. *Has she forgotten that I would never have been accepted if she had not lied to the clan?*

Longtail let out a growl from behind him,

"Look at his collar! He is a kittypet!"

The clan began to chatter and more and more cats appeared to look angry.

"Once a kittypet, always a kittypet!"

Tinyclaw heared some of the elders talking, "Has she forgotten about Pinestar?"

Tinyclaw never knew Pinestar, but he did know that Pinestar left his clan to be a kittypet.

Tinyclaw saw Rusty climbing down high rock to face Longtail.

"Mouse brain! I will never be beaten by a kittypet!" Longtail hissed.

Rusty flung himself at Longtail but Longtail managed to pin him down. Rusty knocked Longtail off of his paws and slid out from underneath him, Longtail knocked the kittypet over into High Rock.

This kittypet is sure taking a beating.

Tinyclaw heard Spottedleaf yelling at Longtail to stop beating the kittypet, but Longtail hissed at her and continued. Longtail managed to pin the kittypet down again and he began tugging at Rusty's collar to choke him. But to both Rusty's and Longtail's surprise, the collar snapped. Rusty turned on Longtail and clawed through his ear. Leaving blood dripping down Longtail's face. Spottedleaf had jumped into the fight and broke the two apart, taking Longtail to her den for some cobwebs to heal his wounds. Tinyclaw looked back over to Rusty and saw Bluestar sitting next to him, he had barely heard her whisper to him, "Your pelt looks like a brand of fire in this sunlight,"

Bluestar let her gaze go towards the sky,

"This cat has lost his kittypet collar, StarClan has spoken their approval of him joining our clan! I name this apprentice Firepaw in honor of his flame colored pelt!"

Bluestar walked over to Tinyclaw and sat down, "I want you to share the training of him with Tigerclaw, Whitestorm, and Lionheart," she mewed, "Then I will judge who his mentor should be,"

Tinyclaw nodded, he was not going to argue. *I hope she chooses me, I have yet to mentor an apprentice.*

Tinyclaw swept his gaze over to the ginger tom and padded to his side, "Have Graypaw show you around camp, then we can go hunting," he grunted.

Firepaw tilted his head to one side, "Are you training me?" he asked.

"Sort of. Bluestar wants some older warriors to train you a bit before she desides a proper mentor," Tinyclaw mewed.

Tinyclaw looked down to see Firepaw sniffing him, "What are you doing?!" Tinyclaw growled.

"You smell, familiar," Firepaw mewed without looking up.

He must recognize my scent from when I visit my mother.

Tinyclaw looked up to see Graypaw dashing over, he was almost on his toes with joy.

"Hey Firepaw!" Graypaw shouted.

Firepaw spun around with his fur on end; Graypaw had most definitely startled him.

Tinyclaw let out a purr of amusement and padded over to Lionheart, who was eating a mouse, Tinyclaw sat down, feeling self conscious about how much smaller he looked next to Lionheart; he

almost looked like a kit. Tinyclaw realized with a pang of sadness that he was only a little larger than Graypaw, a newly named apprentice. He jerked his head up when he heard Smallear yowl about trouble. He turned all of his attention to the camp entrance to see what exactly was going on. To his horror, he saw Ravenpaw run through the camp entrance, covered in blood.

Chapter Nine: Redtail!

Tinyclaw hurried over just like the rest of the clan to see what happened to Ravenpaw. Ravenpaw stood, not saying a word, with his sides heaving and his breath hoarse, he had a long battle scar along his shoulder. *When will RiverClan give up? Look at what they did to him!* Tinyclaw felt a surge of betrayal, he had many friends in RiverClan, in fact, he had many friends in all the clans. Every cat on StarClan's green ground knows how close of a friendship he and Ravenpaw had, they were closer than a queen to her kits!

Ravenpaw let out broken and studdered words, "Re-Red-Red-t-tail, Redtail! Redtail is dead!"

The clan gasped, in shock, Redtail was a fine warrior and deputy to ThunderClan, one of the greatest deputies ever seen had been killed by a RiverClan warrior!

Bluestar chimed in, hiding her grief very well in her voice, though Tinyclaw could not say the same for the expression on her face, "Go on, Ravenpaw, tell us what happened,"

Ravenpaw spoke, his voice less shaken, "Tigerclaw, Redtail, and I went on a patrol to Sunning Rocks, just to see if they were being used," he said emotion slowly falling away from his voice as the loss of blood drained his energy, "The RiverClan warriors were not in the water, where we expected. They leaped out from bushes, some of them were just there to give us warning wounds, only two stayed after that,"

The clan listened with interest, clans barely made to battles in less than a quarter moon, "Redtail and Oakheart were fighting, Tigerclaw was fighting Loudbelly; he had no problem getting rid of the warrior. Redtail, on the other hand, struggled to fight.... and

then... Redtail..." Ravenpaw's voice faded as he collapsed, Spottedleaf rushed over to help him to her den.

Tinyclaw looked back to the camp entrance to see Tigerclaw carrying Redtail's, cold, dead body.

Tinyclaw guessed he had heard Ravenpaw's announcement, because he continued the story, "Redtail died, struck down by Oakheart, though, his death was not in vain. I killed Oakheart, to avenge our grand deputy's death."

Shocked gasps came from the clan, as well as mournful mewlings. Spottedleaf rushed out of her den, she grabbed Oakheart's body and wrapped herself around it, press in her fur deep into Tigerclaw's as he held the body for her. Tinyclaw saw Spottedleaf whisper something in Tigerclaw's ear, but Tinyclaw could not hear. Tigerclaw nodded and carried the body to the bottom of Highrock. Tinyclaw rushed over and pressed his fur into Redtail's, he looked up to see Dustpaw and Longtail to both of his sides, *Longtail came, even though he is wounded. He is a fine young warrior, despite his views on kittypets.*

Tinyclaw stood up, to see Bluestar crouched over, staring into Redtail's dead eyes. Rosetail padded up beside her and closed his eyes, she wrapped her tail around her old friend to comfort her.

Tinyclaw licked the back of Bluestar's and Rosetail's ears and tried to purr, but nothing came out, there was no way he cpuld pretend to be happy, not when an old friend like this dies. Tinyclaw left to go back to the spot where Lionheart and himself were sitting before. Not long after, Whitestorm and Lionheart padded over, Whitestorm had his tail stretched up as high as it could go in an attempt to run his tail along Lionheart's back. Whitestorm, usually kept his calm when another cat died, he never wanted to unsettle the clan by being too upset. Lionheart, on the other hand, took death with huge heaps of sadness, he had never handled it as well as Whitestorm. The two warriors sat on either side of Tinyclaw, not saying a word. Tinyclaw found himself lost in all of the good memories he had of Redtail. There was no way that this death wouldn't change ThunderClan forever.

Live and Love

Description: In this section it shows Tinyclaw sharing the mentoring of Firepaw. He also finds a love interest.

Chapter 10: Big, Warm Giant

Tinyclaw woke up very warm in the morning, though his nose was chilly, *I should tell Spottedleaf, I might be sick.*

He turned his head up to see that Tigerclaw had wrapped himself around him. Tinyclaw felt his fur bristle, why in StarClan had Tigerclaw done that? Tinyclaw hissed and scratched Tigerclaw's paw lightly. Tigerclaw shot up with his eyes wide open and his claws out, *Hm, that'll show him for treating me like a kit!*

Tigerclaw calmed down when he realized the only danger was a very grumpy Tinyclaw.

"Oh! Thank StarClan, it's just you," Tigerclaw purred.

Tinyclaw hissed and growled, "What are you doing? You're treating me like a kit!"

Tinyclaw snapped his head over to see Darkstripe snickering, "You're the same size as one!"

Tigerclaw snapped his head over to his friend and stalked over to the dark cat, he smacked his paw over the other cat's head and walked back over to Tinyclaw.

"Sorry about that mouse brain," Tigerclaw mewed bluntly, "And I am not treating you like a kit," Tinyclaw opened his mouth to object, but Tigerclaw kept going, "I am treating you like my mate,"

Tinyclaw glared at him. How dare Tigerclaw suggest that they were mates?! How dare he say that right in front of the ThunderClan gossip cat, Darkstripe?!

"You know, if you cuddled me like that, I would call you 'Tigerstar'" Darkstripe mewed leaning his head in his paw.

Tigerclaw snapped his head over to Darkstripe and glared at him. Tinyclaw heard the voice of a she-cat from behind him.

"Hey, big guy, don't get so upset, it's the same for any she cat. I would love to be warmed up by *that* much fur," she mewed.

Tinyclaw turned around to see Goldenflower. Goldenflower had admired Tigerclaw for a long time now, she had obviously wanted to be his mate. Tinyclaw knew she had a good shot at it too, despite having battle scars beyond counting, she was a very beautiful cat, she had a lion like mane, just like her brother, Lionheart, and beautiful glossy, golden fur. Tinyclaw shot a look of jealousy at Tigerclaw; no cat had ever flirted with him, not even the cat he truly loved, Frostfur. He looked away as soon as Tigerclaw looked at him, Tigerclaw said in the most caring voice possible,

"Don't get jealous, you have no clue how much Brindleface has her eye on you,"

Tinyclaw looked over to Brindleface's nest to see the gray she cat glaring thorns at Tigerclaw, but, soon as she noticed Tinyclaw's eyes on her, she gave a warm smile.

"Whatever, I am going to go do my job and train Firepaw," he said leaving the den only looking behind him to see Brindleface staring at him in sadness. He had never realized she liked him. He felt a pang guilt as he remembered how he had turned to Brindleface to help with his love for Frostfur, and, seeing as the two were sisters, she must feel insignificant.

Chapter 11: Confession Memories

Memories of the confession of his love for Brindleface's sister, Frostfur rushed into his mind.

Tinyclaw sat on the edge of the gorge, looking down and watching as the water whirled around twigs and rocks far below. It was night and stars, his warrior ancestors, glistened above him and the moon was large on

the horizon. Tinyclaw felt a single snowflake hit his nose, it tickled. Suddenly he let out a small sneeze. He heard a gigglish purr arouse from behind him, he turned to see a ThunderClan she cat standing at the foot of the small hill he sat atop.

"Is the cold making you sick?" she mewed in a teasing tone.

He shook his head and purred, "No, Brindleface, just a snowflake tickling the nose,"

She padded up to him purring, "Let me fix that," she stepped around Tinyclaw and swept her tail over his nose. He pulled in her familiar scent and enjoyed the warmth of her body near him. Brindleface was a good friend to Tinyclaw, they shared a very close bond. He only wished her sister, Frostfur, would notice him in the same way Brindleface was. One of Tinyclaw's biggest wishes was to have kits and to pass on his blood line. For he knew Ruby and Socks were too mouse-brained and rude to ever attract a mate. Perhaps, even, after the last time he saw them , they were dead. Not that he cared, he wanted *them dead.*

Brindleface spoke again, breaking his train of thought, "What are you doing out of camp so late?" she asked.

"Uh," he stammered, "I just wanted a little time to think,"

What he said was true, though, he hoped Brindleface would not ask why *he was thinking.*

Sure enough, she did, "Why? ThunderClan is doing great this time of leaf bare!" She exclaimed, "What could possibly be worrying you, Tiny?"

He turned to her, surprised, did she just use a nickname?

"Tiny?" he echoed.

"You can call me 'Brindle'." she purred in amusement.

"Sure, Brindle" he purred.

Brindleface gave him a quick, stern look, "What is bothering you?"

"Can I tell you something, something no other cat knows?" he asked

looking deep into Brindleface's green eyes.

"Sure! Anything you need to Tiny!" Brindleface responded with a warm smile.

So unguarded. I wish I could be as happy as her. *Tinyclaw let the realization of his sadness seep in. He had been sad since Frostfur had chose a mate.*

"I think I am in love," Tinyclaw mewed.

"With who?" Brindleface's voiced sounded concerned and thoughtful. Though, Tinyclaw felt himself looking at his paws. Memories again flashed through him as he remembered all the times his white paw had turned red. These memories always convinced him that he was going to go to The Place of No Stars, and that no cat could ever love him after how he killed Bone in cold rage.

"Frostfur,"

He looked up to see pure sadness on the gray she cat's face, and he had no clue why she would be sad, not one.

Tinyclaw shook his head in confusement, *Brindleface can't love me! No way!* But no matter how much he pushed the searing thought away, it wiggled back into his mind. And for one moment he wondered, *Do I love Brindleface back?*

Tinyclaw headed over to the fresh kill pile.

I am going to bring Brindleface some vole to make her feel better, he thought

He picked up the plumpest vole he could find and headed over to the warriors den.

He poked his head in and spoke with a muffled voice, " Brindleface! Come share a vole with me,"

Tinyclaw turned to see Tigerclaw glaring at him. He thought nothing of it; Tigerclaw always found something to be mad about.

"Coming!" a happy voice came out of Brindleface as she trotted over to Tinyclaw and followed him out of the den.

They had eaten the vole in silence, up until Brindleface spoke.

"Tinyclaw," she began.

"Hm?" Tinyclaw raised his head with some vole still in his mouth.

"I love you,"

"What?!" Tinyclaw snapped his mind into full motion. Brindleface loved him?

"Sorry," She sighed getting up, "I didn't mean to upset you,"

He watched as her tail dropped down in sadness. He couldn't allow her to slip away. Not this she~cat, she was always there for him in his time of need and the was no possible way he couldn't care more about her, he was almost sure he loved her too, it just took some time for his love to reach her.

This *was* his moment.

"Brindleface. Sit down," he called

"Why?" she said not looking at him.

"Because I love you too,"

Chapter 12: Firepaw, stop.

"Stop Firepaw, just stop," a young gray tom said unamused.

"Well I am not perfect! You eat half they prey in camp!" Firepaw retorted playfully.

"I eat when I am hungry," the gray tom grumpily replied.

"Cheer up Graypaw! Today we get trained by Tinyclaw!" Firepaw nudged his friend in happiness.

Why does he want to be trained by me?

"Graypaw, Firepaw, where is Ravenpaw?" Tinyclaw asked poking his head in the apprentices' den.

"Still healing up," Firepaw responded.

"Good, Spottedleaf is not about to let Tigerclaw train him yet," Tinyclaw responded half to himself.

"What will we be doing today?" Graypaw asked.

"Lionheart and I are showing Firepaw around, you can come and catch prey," he answered.

Graypaw smiled, "Wicked,"

"This, Firepaw, is Four Trees, the cats of all clans go there every full moon for a gathering," Lionheart pointed towards the Four Trees with his paw.

"What if they fight?" Firepaw asked, his gaze still fixed on the trees.

"There is a truce, sacred to the clans, saying we are not to fight there," Tinyclaw mewed pointedly.

"Yeah, though it's been hard to keep peace since those badger faced ShadowClan warriors have gotten their new leader, Brokenstar," Graypaw growled, "His tail is stupid,"

Tinyclaw heard Lionheart snicker; not a single ThunderClan cat liked Brokenstar.

"The tail is just to hide the fat anyway," A she cat's voice sounded from behind them. Tinyclaw turned to see Sandpaw and Whitestorm on a hunting patrol,

"Sandpaw!" Whitestorm stared at her, "What if Brokenstar was here? Then what would happen to you?"

"He would sit on me," Sandpaw snorted, "Though it would be affective because I would suffocate,"

Tinyclaw let out a purr of amusement. It was not often ThunderClan

did this, but when they did, it was only about a cat who deserved it.

Whitestorm shrugged and sighed, "We need to go on with our hunting, Sandpaw"

Sandpaw giggled and followed Whitestorm.

Firepaw cocked his head to one side, "Who is Brokenstar?"

Graypaw opened his mouth to answer, but Lionheart spoke first, "He is the new leader of ShadowClan, he is a ruthless cat who stops at nothing for power," he explained.

"He trains kits when they are three moons old and makes them warriors by the age of six moons old," Tinyclaw growled.

"He knows nothing on following the warrior code," Graypaw finished.

"Why don't you kill him?" Firepaw asked.

Lionheart sighed, this explanation was going to be a difficult one.

"It's against the code,"

"Plus, he has nine lives given to him by StarClan, would have to kill him nine times," Tinyclaw explained.

"Oh." Firepaw drooped his head.

"Don't be upset that you didn't get it! You just became a clan member!" Graypaw encouraged.

"We need to keep moving," Lionheart said, already walking towards the RiverClan border.

Once the four toms reached the border, they smelled RiverClan, *probably sunning themselves, we don't need to bother them.*

Lionheart crouched and turned over to Tinyclaw, "We should ask the warriors if we can just show these apprentices what it is like up there, so they don't fall if they ever go up there,"

"Uh? I guess. If we are not violent," Tinyclaw stammered.

Lionheart climbed up to the top of Sunning Rocks.

The RiverClan warriors turned on us in hissing, growling anger.

"This is RiverClan territory!" the tom that hissed was Crookedstar, RiverClan's leader.

"Crookedstar, I hope you are enjoying the sunhigh sun." Lionheart meowed calmly.

"Lionheart? Tinyclaw? What are you doing, you are on my territory!"

"We know" Lionheart said.

"Then get off it,"

"We just wanted to show our newest apprentice, Firepaw, these rocks so if he ever end up here by accident he knows not to fall and injure himself," Tinyclaw interrupted.

Crookedstar began to look guilty, he too had injured himself by these rocks. He was sure to allow Firepaw to learn.

"Fine, make it quick," he turned to a silver apprentice, "Get up Sliverpaw, keep an eye on them,"

"Mhm," the sliver apprentice responded.

Tinyclaw sat down as Lionheart showed Firepaw and Graypaw the spots to look out for, and what to do if they start to fall off.

Sliverpaw watched as well, next to her leader Crookedstar. Tinyclaw approached Crookedstar, "I am sorry," he mewed, bowing his head in respect.

"Why?" Crookedstar responded curtly.

"For the loss of your brother,"

"Hm? It was an accident. Thank you though,"

"What?" Tinyclaw questioned, shocked.

"Rockfall took him," Crookedstar answered, trying to hide his sadness.

"Oh," Tinyclaw lied.
Is Crookedstar lying about his brother's death to avoid a fight? Or is Tigerclaw lying to avoid drama?

No, why would either of them lie? Crookedstar was an honest, truthful cat. Tigerclaw, on the other hand, would lie occasionally.

Tinyclaw was confused, Crookedstar never blamed ThunderClan for Oakheart's death? Then who did he blame? StarClan?

"Tinyclaw, we should get moving," Lionheart's voice broke into his thoughts.

Tinyclaw nodded and looked over to Firepaw, who was speaking with Sliverpaw.

"Don't mind my dad, he's secretly a softie!" she giggled.

Firepaw purred in amusement.

"Oh! I never got your name!" Sliverpaw exclaimed.

"Firepaw, and yourself?" Firepaw responded.

"Sliverpaw,"

"Firepaw!" Tinyclaw called, "Let's go!"

"I've gotta go!"

"See ya!" Silverpaw put her paw in the air and made a shoo movement.

Firepaw giggled, "Bye!"

Tinyclaw watched Firepaw pad over to Graypaw, who was watching a moth flutter about.

"She was nice," he purred.

"Who?"

Tinylcaw purred with amusement. Graypaw had always had troubles paying attention.

Once the day had ended and they were back in camp, Bluestar adressed Tinyclaw with a flick of her tail.

"How was he?"

Tinyclaw thought for a moment, remembering his friendliness to the enemy. He pushed the thought away and wrapped his tail around his paws.

"Great," he responded quickly with a little twitch in his eye.

"You're huddled up like an elder and twitching like a leaf. What did he do?" Bluestar sighed.

"He was friendly with Sliverpaw, Crookedstar's daughter." Tinyclaw announce with a sigh at the end, it felt better to tell the truth, but sometimes he wished he could lie to his mother like figure.

"How *friendly* are we talking?"

"He treated her as though she were in his clan," Tinyclaw reluctantly replied.

"He has only been here for one moon rise, he has no reason to be severely loyal yet, you weren't," Bluestar pointed out with her eyes glazing over her paws.

"I had never thought of it that way," Tinyclaw pricked up his ears, "So he can stay?" Tinyclaw hadn't liked the apprentice at first, but know he was sure that this apprentice was born for this clan.

Bluestar nodded her head and looked over to the apprentice, "Go and help him,"

she ordered.

Tinyclaw turned his head the way she was looking, to see Sandpaw and Dustpaw teasing Firepaw.

Without at word Tinyclaw shot up and stomped over to the bullies, "It seems we have an issue," he said lowering his head between Sandpaw and Dustpaw's heads.

"Hm?" Sandpaw responded.

"He doesn't deserve to be here!" Dustpaw argued, "He is too small, plus, he is a kittypet!"

Memories of his family flooded into Tinyclaw's head, the teasing, the beatings, everything.

Tinyclaw felt rage surge in him, "How dare you?!" he spat, wacking Dustpaw on the back of the head, Tinyclaw was not much bigger than Dustpaw, but he could pack a punch, "You discriminate against him, yet I don't see any of your catchings on the fresh kill pile!"

"Huh" Dustpaw titled his head.

"Firepaw caught two squirrels on his first time out! You have been an apprentice for two moons and he still beat you!"

Dustpaw looked down at his paws, "I was in a bad spot,"

"Then you should have moved, like an intelligent warrior!" Tinyclaw's neck fur bristled in anger.

"Leave him alone!" Sandpaw snapped.

Tinyclaw turned his head slowly toward the she cat, "Or what? I am a senior warrior! Do *not* argue with me!" Tinyclaw slipped in front of the two apprentices like an adder, "Apologize!"

The two apprentices lowered their heads and spoke in unison, "Sorry, Firepaw."

Firepaw looked nervously up at Tinyclaw. *He thinks I am angry with him.*

"You two will put moss in the leader's den tonight," Tinyclaw growled.

"What?!" Dustpaw mewed angrily.

"Bluestar needs more moss, I suggest you please your leader; she decides when you become warriors,"

"Right away!" Sandpaw purred as she dashed out of camp to find moss.

"Wait for me!" Dustpaw called after her.

Tinyclaw sighed, they were good apprentices, they just needed to learn how to respect. He felt a twinge of pity for Whitestorm and Darkstripe, they had the moodiest apprentices he had ever met.

"Firepaw?" he turned around to see a very sad tom.

"Yes?" he mewed guiltily.

"Don't beat yourself up about this, I am mad at them, not you," Tinyclaw mewed, wrapping his tail around the ginger apprentice.

Firepaw looked up at him uneasily, "I will show them one day, I will be the strongest warrior to walk these forests!"

Tinyclaw realized how much he and the apprentice were alike, both of them had kittypet blood, were bullied, and wanted to show their bullies how strong they really were.

"I know how you feel, little guy."

"I'm not *little!*"

Tinyclaw purred in amusement, "My bad, big guy," Tinyclaw looked up to the sky to see the moon rising, "you should sleep,"

"Already? Wow, this day sure went by fast!" Firepaw looked up at the sky in astonishment.
Fast? Today was the longest day of my life!

"Night, Firepaw" Tinyclaw got up and waved in farewell to Firepaw.

"Good night, Tinyclaw!" the small tom called back and slipped into his den.

Tinyclaw reached the warriors' den and settled himself down, looking over to Brindleface's nest to see her sleeping. He padded over to hers and snuggled in next to her, he could hear a high pitched purr come from her, but she remained asleep. He put his tail around her and rested his head on her shoulders, then felt sleep taunting him on as he closed his eyes.

Chapter 13: Let's take a stroll

As Tinyclaw opened his eyes that morning he felt again the warmth that was beside him yesterday, Tigerclaw had cuddled with him again.

"Tigerclaw! What in StarClan's name are you doing?! I told you never to do that again!" Tinyclaw jumped up and hissed loudly.

When the head of a grey, green eyed, she cat poked up, Tinyclaw felt his face flush hot with embarrassment.

"If I am Tigerclaw than you have to be Longtail," she replied mocking his mistake.

Tinyclaw shook his head, "No, no! I am so sorry, Brindle!" He stuffed his face in his chest fur to hide the look of pure embarrassment on his face.

"Tiny, I am not mad!" She comforted him while getting up from her nest, "It's quite funny."

Tinyclaw looked up at her, "Do you wanna go for a stroll?" he stuttered awkwardly.

"Sure, my legs could use a stretch." Brindleface said, stretching her claws.

As Tinyclaw and Brindleface exited the warriors den Tinyclaw noticed Tigerclaw was training Ravenpaw, Graypaw, and Firepaw.

"One moment." Tinyclaw said staring at Tigerclaw, who was pinning down Ravenpaw while showing the other apprentices a move.

"Ravenpaw?" Brindleface questioned, tilting her head.

Tinyclaw simply nodded.

Tinyclaw crouched down and began stalking Tigerclaw, like prey.

Once he was close enough he leaped at Tigerclaw's back, barreling the huge warrior over. Once he had maneuvered Tigerclaw onto his back, Tinyclaw outstretched his claws on Tigerclaw's throat.

"What in StarClan's name are you doing?!"

Tigerclaw hissed, struggling to move.

"Stop moving or I will cut you open from throat to tail tip!" Tinyclaw yowled at him.

More and more cats began gathering around the fight, it was a shock to see Tigerclaw losing.

"Why? What did I do?!" Tigerclaw growled back at the black warrior.

"How dare you think you never did anything wrong?!" Tinyclaw pushed his face into Tigerclaw's while baring his teeth.

Tigerclaw's eyes went wide, something Tinyclaw said had struck him, but there was no time to figure out why.

"How dare you treat Ravenpaw like that?!"

"He is my apprentice, I am training him." Tigerclaw responded blandly.

"*That* was *not* training!" Tinyclaw hissed.

Tigerclaw shrugged, "Whatever, let me go, drama queen."

Tinyclaw loosened his grip on the warrior's throat and stepped away.

"If you treat him like that again, you die." Tinyclaw hissed.

Tigerclaw made a shoo movement with his paw, "Get on to your mate."

"Mate?" Tinyclaw growled.

"Brindleface." Tigerclaw frowned.

Tinyclaw smiled, remembering he had a pleasant walk with the cat he loved to look forward to.

"Right." Tinyclaw smirked, knowing it would bother the brown tabby.

Tinyclaw spun around and padded toward Brindleface, "Shall we?"

"We shall." Brindleface gave him a warm smile and twinned her tail with his.

Tinyclaw smelled the air, enjoying all of it's rich scents of pine and maple. He turned to Brindleface to admire her beauty, he had never realized before it was her he loved. Frostfur had always given him the cold shoulder, but Brindleface cared about him, she loved him. He was the happiest cat in the world, nothing could stop that.

"Nice day." Brindleface purred as they walked down the winding hunting trails, she flicked her ear as a fly buzzed around it.

"Very beautiful." Tinyclaw mewed as he looked up at the clear sky.

Tinyclaw looked back down when he heard Brindleface complain, "Except for this mouse-brained fly!" she said turning to bite the fly, but missed, and clamped down on air.

"Here." Tinyclaw mewed curtly as he swung his paw up into the air and smacked the fly away.

Brindleface pushed her head into his fur. Then, Tinyclaw realized with a pang of embarrassment, she was bigger than him. They looked like queen and kit.

Brindleface had to of seen his skin flush red under his fur, because the next words she said reflected it, "I don't care how big and powerful you are," she mewed softly, "You're the nicest cat in ThunderClan."

Tinyclaw trusted Brindleface with everything, he desided his feelings about his size was information she should know, "I am barely bigger than Graypaw," he explained, "It's like I am a kit!"

"But you aren't, a kit can't scare Tigerclaw the way you did!" Brindleface pushed into his side.
Maybe he was acting. He will do that. Tinyclaw thought. *But not in front of the clan.*

Tinyclaw sighed, "I guess."

"You know." Brindleface sighed.

They continued walking down the trail, until Tinyclaw spotted a squirrel, he crouched down and tryed to stalk as close as he could, Brindleface stayed behind him and watched. Tinyclaw crept forward slowly until he was in a paw snatch distance from the prey. Then he lashed out his paws, missing the squirrel just by a hair, the prey shot up the nearest tree, Tinyclaw followed.

Brindleface called for below, "Slow down! You'll fall!" but Tinyclaw ignored it, he was too keen on catching this prey.

He continued up the tree swiftly.

The squirrel turned onto a thin branch, *Stupid move, prey, I am the smallest warrior in ThunderClan, this branch can hold me!*

He shot out onto the small tree limb and continued his chase, he notice the squirrel leap from the branch and send himself flying for the next tree.

Tinyclaw quickly bunched up and shot out, just as the squirrel did, and flung himself off of the tree.

As he felt the wind on his face, and saw a dead squirrel on the ground below him, he realized that ge had jumped to his death.

He looked to his side and twisted around to sink his claws into the tree trunk beside him. He felt excruciating pain shot through his paws as the bark tugged viciously at his claws. He could hear Brindleface wailing below him, she was more scared than she ever had been.

He looked back up to see long claw marks from where he slid down. He hissed in pain as he slowed down his sliding with his hind paws. His claws stared to tear out and blood began seeping from them. Finally, he managed to stop himself. He looked down to see he was a tail length from the ground.

"Tinyclaw!" Brindleface shrieked in relief, "Thank StarClan, you are alright!" She nudged his hind end with her head.

Tinyclaw dropped down and waited for her to scold him for being so, squirrel brained, but she didn't. She started licking him all over his head rapidly.

Tinyclaw purred in amusement, "I am fine."

Brindleface pulled her head back, hissed at him, and brought her paw up to smack him, "How dare you scare me like that?!" she brought her paw down and smacked his face.

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I just tried to get prey," he purred, "sorry."

Brindleface spun around and scowled at him over her shoulder, "You should be." Brindleface sighed, "Let's go back to camp."

"Sounds like a plan, I need Spottedleaf to look at my paws." Tinyclaw agreed.

As they entered camp Tinyclaw looked over to see Longtail crunching up his nose, "I smell blood." he reported.

Tinyclaw ignored it, not wanting to draw attention. He looked over to see Tigerclaw training Firepaw. Tigerclaw turned around, "Ah Tinyclaw I thought I smelled.." his speech faded out at he saw the blood on Tinyclaw's paws, "Tinyclaw! What in StarClan's name happened to you?!"

"Nothing," Tinyclaw growled, "Just a small injury."

Brindleface nudged Tinyclaw toward Spottedleaf's den, "He can't speak right now, he needs to be treated."

Tigerclaw hissed, "I know that!"

"Then leave him alone." Brindleface snarled in retort.

Tigerclaw glared at her, but said no more.

As they approached Spottedleaf in her den, they saw she was already treating a patient.

"Ravenpaw?" Tinyclaw questioned.

The small, black tom looked up, "Yes?"

Spottedleaf pushed his head down again, she looked angry, "I told Tigerclaw to leave him alone, and what does he do? He beats on him!"

Tinyclaw felt her anger come off in pulses, "I told him too. I even threatened to to kill him." Tinyclaw agreed, "If we find a dead Tigerclaw, don't be surprised."

Spottedleaf looked up and realised the warriors, Tinyclaw and Brindleface had come to her den, "Oh!" she smiled, "How can I help you?"

Tinyclaw felt a twinge of amusement, she clearly had not known he was there, "I fell out of a tree."

Spottedleaf turned around to grab some cobwebs and pointed to the nest she wanted Tinyclaw in with her tail. Tinyclaw rested himself in the fresh bedding.

Spottedleaf padded over and put cobwebs on his wounds, "Any of your bones hurting?"

"No." Tinyclaw replied, "I never hit the ground, it's just my claws that got torn."

"Good."

She began working away, Tinyclaw looked down to see she had placed poppy seeds in front of him, he quickly chewed them up.

"I am sorry for your loss, Spottedleaf." Tinyclaw sighed, remembering Spottedleaf's brother, Redtail.

"I miss him," she replied sadly, "We all miss him."

"He will be mourned for a long time, he was a great warrior" Tinyclaw mewed.

"I plan to see him soon." Spottedleaf muttered half to herself.

Tinyclaw remembered with a pang of sadness that Spottedleaf could speak with the dead and he could not, he wished he could speak with Thrushpelt and Sunstar.

"Stay here for the night." Spottedleaf commanded.

Tinyclaw nodded and watched as she returned to healing Ravenpaw's shoulder.

"So how you holding up, big guy?" Ravenpaw giggled.

Tinyclaw purred, "Not as good as you! You're looking like a senior warrior with all the scars you're getting!"

Ravenpaw laughed, "You could say the same for yourself!"

"I am a senior warrior though!" Tinyclaw responded warm heartedly.

Ravenpaw laughed but cringed in pain as Spottedleaf applied some herbs to his wounds, once she was done, he spoke again, "I forgot to thank you for saving me and my brother back in that fight. We would have never made it."

"What?" Tinyclaw questioned confused, "Longtail saved you."

Ravenpaw shook his head, "He told us the only reason he made it to

us was because you saved him and sent him to my brother and I."

Tinyclaw sighed, hadn't wanted to be a hero, but Ravenpaw had always found a way to praise him.

"You two should get some rest," Spottedleaf's voice interrupted. Tinyclaw looked up to see her settling down in her own nest.

"Right, it's my turn to train Firepaw tommorow." Tinyclaw put his head down onto his paws and closed his eyes.

"Tinyclaw! Tinyclaw!" a voice shouted into his dreams, it was a she-cat.

Tinyclaw grumbled in return, "Yes?"

Two she-cats jumped from a looming tree and stood before him, "There you are!"

Tinyclaw saw that is had been Spottedleaf and Moonflower who had jumped in front of him.

"What is it?" Tinyclaw asked, annoyed.

"We have to tell you something," Moonflower sounded rushed, "You must kill your first born son!"

"What?!" Tinyclaw hissed, "Have you got bees in your brain?" Tinyclaw swished his tail angrily, "I won't do that!"

Moonflower shot him a glare and opened her mouth to speak, but Spottedleaf spoke first, "He cannot exist, for he will reak havoc on the clans!" Spottedleaf pushed, "He will fall too far in love to ever retreat like you did!"

Tinyclaw spun around, "I have no time for this! Killing is against the code!"

Tinyclaw felt ShadowClan scent flow over him, it smelled familiar, "You disobeyed us once! You shall not do so again!" he growled.

"Who are you? You have no buisness with this!" Tinyclaw growled.

"You don't remember almost killing me when you were an apprentice?" He sounded suprised, "Or is killing not a big deal to you?"

"You!" Tinyclaw gasped, "I don't care what you say, I am not killing a kit, let alone my son!" Tinyclaw turned to his side and dashed into the forest, as far as he could go.

Chapter 14: My kits

It had been two seasons since Tinyclaw's dream and the sky was sunny.

"Tinyclaw." a grey she cat called into the warrior's den.

Tinyclaw never looked up, he continued sleeping.

"Tinyclaw! Get your flee bitten pelt out of your nest!" She called again.

Tinyclaw shot up his head and searched around the den for the cat calling him, "Oh," he sighed in relief, "It's just you," Tinyclaw got up and stretched, "What do you want Yellowfang?"

Yellowfang shook her head in annoyance, "Come with me to my den."

Tinyclaw got up and followed, he looked around camp to find his mate, Brindleface, but there was no sign of her.

"Has Tigerclaw sent Brindleface out on a patrol?" He asked.

"No. That's why I am taking you to my den." Yellowfang mewed blandly.

Once they had reached the den, Tinyclaw could smell Brindleface.

"Brindleface!" he turned to Yellowfang, "What happened?!" he hissed.

"Calm down, Tiny." Brindleface spoke, "I am fine."

Tinyclaw turned around to see Brindleface seated in a nest, she had her fluffy tail wrapped around her, "Why are you here then?"

She purred, "I am pregnet."

Kittypet

This part of Tinyclaw's life takes part many moons after Fireheart becomes a warrior, Spottedleaf is dead, and Yellowfang and Cinderpelt are the new medicine cats, Lionheart and Rosetail have died and Tigerclaw is deputy, Graystripe is about to leave with his kits.

Chapter 15: Tigerclaw!

Tinyclaw hissed at a brown tabby, "We took care of you, Brokentail!" Tinyclaw took a swipe at the blind warrior.

"You seem to forget you only have one, petty life, scum" Brokentail growled back, not noting the scratch Tinyclaw had inflicted.

Tinyclaw heard a yowl from behind him, "I will take care of him! Bluestar needs help!" Tinyclaw had barely a second before he saw Yellowfang go flying past him as she attacked Brokentail. Tinyclaw shot away and pelted toward Bluestar's den, he saw Fireheart heading there too.

"What's happening Fireheart?" Tinyclaw had ran over to the ginger warrior.

"Tigerclaw did this!" Fireheart hissed quickly, "He planned this!"

Tinyclaw felt a pang of betrayal, "So we were right?" Tinyclaw felt his heart sink, "Tigerclaw killed Redtail?"

Fireheart nodded quickly before they burst through the lichen in Bluestar's den, Tigerclaw had Bluestar cornered and was ready to attack, "Traitor!" Fireheart hissed as he blocked Tigerclaw's attack from Bluestar using his own body as a shield.

Tinyclaw rushed over to Bluestar, "Are you okay?" he asked, licking behind her ear.

"F-Fireheart was right?" Bluestar stammered in shock. Tinyclaw

never responded, he simply nodded.

"Tinyclaw!" Fireheart shouted, "Help me hold this traitor down!" Tinyclaw turned around and rushed over to help pin Tigerclaw down.

Tinyclaw brought his paw up to hurt Tigerclaw and then slashed the Traitor's chest, "I trusted you!" he hissed.

"You trust every cat." Tigerclaw growled.

Tinyclaw turned to see Bluestar heading over to help, her eyes looked dead. As soon as Bluestar had hold of the dark warrior, Fireheart rushed off to the battle again, *best him than an old cat like Bluestar or I,* Tinyclaw thought.

Tinyclaw began staring down at Tigerclaw, remembering all the good times they had, like when they were apprentices and they put a stink bug in Thrushpelt's nest to get back at him for making them clean the dirt out of the camp. Tinyclaw shook his head in disbelief, "Why?" he asked.

"Because this old, boney she-cat would never die!" Tigerclaw hissed, glaring at Bluestar, "At the rate we were going at, I would never be leader!"

Tinyclaw looked up at Bluestar, her face was twitching, this was the first time she had ever given up on being strong, she was breaking down, and for the first time Tinyclaw felt like ThunderClan was hopeless.

Tinyclaw heard a tom's voice, "Tinyclaw, you can go now, I will deal with him." Tinyclaw turned around to see Graystripe running over to pin Tigerclaw down.

"Thanks." Tinyclaw muttered and dashed out of Bluestar's den.

He saw a white and black warrior dashing out of the nursery with two gray kits in his jaws. *That's my kits!*

"Ashkit! Fernkit!" Tinyclaw yowled as he pelted across camp. Tinyclaw had been angry before, but there was nothing on

StarClan's green grounds that could anger him more than a cat hurting his kits.

"Blackfoot!" Tinyclaw heard Brindleface's voice shake as he saw her dash after the white and black warrior, "Stop!"

Tinyclaw watching in horror as another warrior attacked Brindleface at the flank, he dashed over to help her, but then he saw a flash of fire colored fur, *Fireheart!*

Tinyclaw saw that Fireheart could handle the warrior and headed over to save his kits from Blackfoot.

"Father!" he heard Ashkit wail.

Fernkit's voice trembled, "Help us!"

Tinyclaw dashed to Blackfoot, just blocking him from exiting camp at the right time, "Give me my kits, Blackfoot."

Blackfoot looked shocked, Tinyclaw saw a moment of thought rush through the rouge's head, Blackfoot put down the kits, "Fine, have it your way. But, we shall fight!" he hissed at he launched himself forward at Tinyclaw.

But Tinyclaw was too distracted with his kits, and didn't react in time, and Blackfoot barreled him over, just as Tinyclaw gave up all hope, he saw a flash of white fur, *Whitestorm!* Whitestorm had fought the rouge quickly and turned around to help Tinyclaw up, "Get your kits to the nursery!" He commanded quickly before jumping back into the battle.

Tinyclaw rushed over to his kits and picked them both up by the scruff, he rushed to the nursery with them.

"I won't let you touch these kits!" he heard a she-cat hiss.

"We need more rogues to serve Tigerclaw!" A tom's voice rang.

Tinyclaw rushed in to see Goldenflower protecting her newest kits alongside her older son, Swiftpaw.

Tinyclaw saw it was Clawface who had cornered the queen and her kits, "Clawface! Don't spend your time fighting kits and apprentices!" he hissed.

Clawface whipped around and grinned, "These kits belong to Tigerclaw! I will take my leader's kits!" Clawface jumped at Tinyclaw. Tinyclaw jumped out of the way and yowled for help, not long after, Fireheart dashed into the den and tumbled over Clawface.

Fireheart pinned the rogue down and hissed, "What I am about to do is for Spottedleaf and all of the kits you have killed! You are a traitor to not only your clan, but to StarClan." Fireheart raised his paw for a killing blow, and Tinyclaw watched in horror as the fire colored warrior became more and more like him, it was like they were brothers. Fireheart lashed his paw down and sliced the tabby's throat. Clawface tryed to hiss in defiance, but all that came were the gurgles of blood in his throat, he let out a short spasm of his nerves and stopped moving forever, "One less." Fireheart muttered for a moment and turned to Tinyclaw, "You stay here and guard the kits with Swiftpaw, Goldenflower, and Brindleface."

Tinyclaw nodded his head, knowing there was no point in scolding him for commanding a senior warrior.

"Are you alright?" Tinyclaw asked Goldenflower.

"Fine." Goldenflower grumpily sighed, "I could of handled it myself."

Tinyclaw gave her a warm smile, "No warrior can fight without her companions to guide her and help her," he admitted, "I could have never beat Clawface without the help of Fireheart."

Goldenflower growled, "He killed him in rage."

Tinyclaw saw where the queen was coming from, what Fireheart did was wrong, especially in front of kits, his kits, "Clawface was an awful cat though, remember how he stole kits from out camp and killed Spottedleaf?"

Goldenflower sighed, "One less traitor, right?"

"Right." Tinyclaw turned around and padded over to gaurd the entrence to the den.

"Wait," Goldenflower called, "What did he say about Tigerclaw? Where is my mate?"

"He is now a prisoner in Bluestar's den." Tinyclaw replied, trying to hide the sadness in his voice.

"Why?!" Goldenflower hissed, "He is clan deputy he should be fighting!"

Tinyclaw sighed, "That's why we are holding him captive."

Goldenflower looked stunned, "What?"

"He was fighting against the clan, to kill Bluestar and become leader." Tinyclaw sink his head down so low, he could not stand to see the look of confusion, sadness, and betrayal that was displayed on Goldenflower's face.

"Watch my kits." She meowed emotionlessly, she pushed Tinyclaw out of the way. Tinyclaw rushed to the exit of the den to see her walking through the battle, almost like it wasn't happening, she entered Bluestar's den.

Swiftpaw meowed worriedly, "Go after my mother! I will watch my kin."

Tinyclaw gave the apprentice a quick nod of respect and rushed for Bluestar's den. Once he got there he saw Goldenflower giving Tigerclaw an earful, "You traitor! Do you not remember what your father did to you? He left! And now look at you, you're going to be exiled and your kits shall grow up without a father!" she hissed, scratching his shoulder.

Tigerclaw winced in pain, "I would have power, and my Bramblekit would follow in my footsteps! He would lead his clan!" the tabby tom hissed, Graystripe clawed his face, making the tom stop talking.

"Bramblekit doesn't need you to lead his clan! Tigerclaw, you are a traitor, a heart breaker, and a terrible father. If I ever see you again,

you can bet your tail that I will kill you." Goldenflower bared her teeth.

Tinyclaw looked outside Bluestar's den to see the rogues retreating, "Bluestar, the enemy is leaving." He reported. Bluestar looked up slowly and nodded.

"We shall go then." Bluestar meowed emotionlessly.

The four cats exited the den, Graystripe and Goldenflower kept an eye on Tigerclaw. Tinyclaw lead the cats out of the den, ThunderClan had already started gathering around Highrock to see what Bluestar had to say. Fireheart rushed over to assist on making sure Tigerclaw didn't get away. Tinyclaw looked to the nurcery to see Brightpaw and Swiftpaw guiding Ashkit, Fernkit, Cloudkit, Bramblekit, and Tawnykit to their mothers. Bluestar climbed up onto Highrock to exile Tigerclaw.

Tinyclaw went to sit with Brindleface and his kits.

Bluestar nodded to Fireheart, telling him to say all of Tigerclaw's actions against ThunderClan, "Cat's of ThunderClan," Fireheart began, "Today's battle and any ThunderClan deaths were caused by one cat, Tigerclaw, ThunderClan's deputy."

Shocked gasps arose from the clan, one warrior stepped forward to object, "Tigerclaw is clan born! Why are we listening to a mouse-brained kitty pet?" it was Darkstripe who spoke.

"Exactly as Darkstripe says, I am innocent of Fireheart's accusations." Tigerclaw tryed to reason.

Tinyclaw hissed, "No you are not! You attacked Bluestar in her den!" Tinyclaw let his claws slide out of his paws and dig into the ground.

"Another kittypet assisting a kittypet? Ridiculous." Tigerclaw growled in retort.

Bluestar jumped down, with a clearly shocked face, "Where did you find that *false* information?" she circled the dark warrior.

"Not long after he joined us I found his collar, it smelled just like him." Tigerclaw meowed with a grin, his eyes bore into Tinyclaw.

Brindleface, who was beside Tinyclaw, turned to him very shocked, "Is that true?"

Tinyclaw lowered his head, "Yes. But you're fine with it, right? I mean, you took in Cloudkit!" Tinyclaw couldn't bare to look at his clan mates and see their shocked faces, he stared down at his paws, ashamed.

"I am fine with kittypets. But you lied to me, you lied to your clan." Brindleface replied sadly, "I don't think I want my kits growing up with such a huge lie on their tails."

Tinyclaw jolted his head up and stared at his mate, "What are you saying?" his voice cracked.

"You are no longer the father to these kits until your clan can trust you again." Brindleface meowed, "Come now little ones, it's time for a nap." Brindleface turned to go back to the nurcery, Cloudkit, Ashkit, and Fernkit followed.

Tinyclaw felt a burning rage writhing him, he was going to make Tigerclaw pay.

Tinyclaw padded across camp and stood beside Fireheart, "What Fireheart says is true," Tinyclaw growled, "Tigerclaw not only led an attack on his own clan, but he also killed Redtail to become deputy."

The clan muttered in concern every warrior and elder was suprised.

"Fireheart? What you said was true?" Sandstorm asked.

"Yes. Tigerclaw is a traitor." Fireheart responded.

Bluestar stepped in front of Tinyclaw and Fireheart, she spoke loudly, "Tigerclaw is here by exiled from our clan," she turned to Tigerclaw, "You must leave, and if any of *my* warriors catches a rogue such as yourself in our territory, they have full right to kill that cat."

Tigerclaw padded forward, ignoring the angry glares of his former clan mates, Tigerclaw turned to Darkstripe, "Well, shall we go, friend?" Tigerclaw growled.

There was a look of deep thought on Darkstripe's face, "No, we shall not. I choose to stay with ThunderClan," he mewed worriedly, "I am sorry."

Tigerclaw hissed, "You were always no good, you were a bad apprentice and you're a bad friend!" Tigerclaw looked behind him to see Longtail, Tigerclaw grinned, "Surely you will come with me, Longtail."

Longtail looked at Tigerclaw with complete confusion and despair, "I don't think so. I am loyal to my clan," Longtail sighed, "I won't go with you." Longtail sighed.

Tigerclaw frowned, "I didn't need you anyway, you're weak." Tigerclaw stood for a moment and glared at Longtail, but another tom's voice broke in.

"Longtail told me about how you made Fireheart fall into the water when you three went to check if we could attend a gathering," it was Dustpelt who was speaking, "He told me of how he saved Fireheart, if you ask me, Longtail is the stronger one out of the two of you." Dustpelt growled.

Tigerclaw bared his teeth, "I assume you won't go with me either?"

"No, Redtail was my mentor, I looked up to him as I used to look up to you. But that is no longer, my admiration of you shall linger for no longer, no cat in ThunderClan cares about you anymore, you would be better off to get hit by a monster." Dustpelt lowered his head and bared his teeth, "So get going to the Thunder Path and off of my territory, fox dung."

Tigerclaw seemed a tad taken back by the words Dustpelt used, he looked hurt that none of his friends supported his actions.

"Tigerclaw," Bluestar inturrupted, "It is time for you to go."

Tigerclaw turned and glared at his former leader, and before he left,

he went up to Fireheart and Tinyclaw, "You'd both be best to keep an eye behind you, because I will have my vengeance upon you, and all of ThunderClan." Tigerclaw padded away, his tail flicking in annoyance as he pushed through the bracken walls of the camp.

Tinyclaw looked over to see Bluestar retreating to her den, her tail was almost between her legs. Tinyclaw wanted to comfort her, but had no clue how.

He felt Fireheart push into Tinyclaw, "Someone needs to call a meeting, and right now, I don't think that someone can be Bluestar."

Tinyclaw cocked his head in question, "Who shall?"

"You." Fireheart said as though it were obvious.

"Me? No, the clan won't take me seriously, not after my confession." Tinyclaw answered in an upset tone.

"You are one of the cats Bluestar trusts the most." Fireheart reasoned, "I won't do it, this will help them trust you, but I shall be at your side." Fireheart smiled.

"Fine, let's do this." Tinyclaw agreed. The two toms climbed up onto Highrock, Tinyclaw waited for some cats to gather before he spoke, "Cats of ThunderClan," he began, "I hope today you will have the kindness to head my words, for I shall never lie to my clan again. Tigerclaw is no longer our deputy, and we may have wounds, but we must keep our tails held high, for we are ThunderClan, we are brave and loyal to the code and we do not need killers and traitors writhing our territory."

Tinyclaw heard murmurs of agreement, one cat, Darkstripe stepped forward to object, "Why would you need to lie to us? You can see clearly how much we *love* Fireheart." He sneered sarcastically.

"Because, when I joined the clan, it was shortly after Pinestar had left, a time when any ThunderClan cat would love to kill a kittypet. " Tinyclaw saw all of the cats faces, they seemed so betrayed by his lies. He had never wanted to hurt them, these cats were the only family he had.

Fireheart leaned over and whispered in Tinyclaw's ear, "Don't let Darkstripe get you down, you are a loyal, worthy warrior." Tinyclaw nodded.

He stepped forward and called to his clan mates, "Despite my heritage, I am loyal to ThunderClan and I can assure you that StarClan will watch over us tonight, protecting us!" Tinyclaw heard yowls of agreement, he smiled, knowing he had made his point. Tinyclaw and Fireheart jumped down Highrock, Fireheart tapped Tinyclaw's shoulder,

"I want to talk to Bluestar about our kits."

"Our kits?" Tinyclaw echoed.

"Cloudkit, Fernkit and Ashkit." Fireheart responded.

"I know that, it's just weird how you said it." Tinyclaw muttered, "Anyway, sure."

The two pushed into Bluestar's den, Fireheart spoke first.

"Bluestar? I wish to speak to you." Fireheart mewed.

Bluestar was laying in her nest, she slowly lifted her head up to look at the warriors, "What?"

"I wish for my kits to become apprentices, they were brave today in the battle." Tinyclaw requested, praying to StarClan his kits would become apprentices.

"Fine. And you, Fireheart? What do you wish for?" she asked annoyed.

"I want my nephew, Cloudkit to be made and apprentice as well."

Bluestar nodded, "Very well, I shall name them later."

Fireheart padded out of the den, but Tinyclaw stayed, he had one more question to ask Bluestar, "Who is your deputy going to be?" he asked and then quickly said, "I vote for Fireheart."

Bluestar glared at the black warrior, "Is that because he is a kittypet?" she sat up and began pulling her claws in and out.

"No." Tinyclaw stated, "Fireheart is young, by the time he is leader he will have many seasons left, also, Fireheart is wise out of his ears. He is an elder in a young cat's body." Tinyclaw looked at Bluestar, hoping she would make the right the decision.

"I will consider your choice." Bluestar settle into her nest again, signaling she wanted Tinyclaw to leave. Tinyclaw bowed in respect and left her den. As he looked to the fresh kill pile, he saw his mate, Brindleface. He began walking over before he realized she didn't love him anymore, so instead he headed for the edge of camp where he used to sit with Lionheart and Whitestorm, except Whitestorm was speaking with Frostfur and Lionheart had passed, Tinyclaw had never felt so lonely, he felt like Fireheart was the only warrior who trusted him, which was a surprise, seeing as he was one of Tigerclaw's best friends. Tinyclaw saw Fireheart walk over to speak with Sandstorm, Tinyclaw frowned, he wished he could have a relationship like that. Sandstorm was a lot like her mother, Brindleface, in many ways, but Tinyclaw saw more of her father, Redtail, shine through her personality. Tinyclaw thought for a moment, *Did Brindleface really love me?* His mind wondered, *Or is she still lingering on her love for Redtail?*

When a voice broke into Tinyclaw's thoughts, he snapped back into realization, "Tinyclaw!" it was Sandstorm.

Tinyclaw got up, starting to feel the aches of the battle, he winced at some of his wounds. Once Tinyclaw had made it across camp he layed down beside Sandstorm, "I don't know why you called me over here. I am likely to be exiled from the clan." he sighed.

"What?" Fireheart exclaimed, "No you won't! Bluestar probably knew this would happen. She won't exile you." Fireheart tryed to comfort Tinyclaw.

"Right," Sandstorm agreed, "Oh, and I am sorry about you and my mother. I hope she makes the right decision and lets you be with the kits again." Sandstorm comforted.

"I see why she is upset, poor Ashkit and Fernkit, they will hate kittypets." Tinyclaw sucked, pushing his nose into his paws.

"Brindleface will tolerate kittypets, but she does not tolerate lying." Sandstorm said, half to herself, "I have learned now that kittypets can be more powerful and loyal than a clan born cat, like how you and Fireheart both figured out Tigerclaw's treachery." Sandstorm got up and streached while yawning.

Fireheart got up as well, "We should be getting to sleep, we have a morning patrol later."

Tinyclaw was about to let them go, but realization hit him, "Wait! Bluestar is to name clan deputy soon!"

"Hm?" Fireheart looked confused, "Oh! Right, Sandstorm we should stay until we find out our new deputy."

Sandstorm nodded and layed down again, it had been but seconds before Bluestar had jumped onto Highrock to address her clan, "All cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather here, beneath Highrock."

Tinyclaw saw Brindleface bring her kits out of the den, but to his surprise, he saw Ashkit hiss at her after she whispered something to him, Tinyclaw saw his son come charging after him, stopping short in front of him.

"Father!' Ashkit squealed, "I want to be with you!" Ashkit settled himself between Tinyclaw's paws, Tinyclaw smiled, Ashkit looked up to him, "Father, don't listen to Brindleface, she is being mean! I want to talk to you."

Tinyclaw frowned, "Don't talk of your mother that way, it will do no good."

Tinyclaw heard paw steps beside him, he looked up to see Brindleface, she layed down beside him.

"I cannot stay mad at you. The kits love you." Brindleface sighed.

Tinyclaw wanted to respond but Bluestar continued the meeting,

"As you know, we are left without a deputy now, and therefore I must name one," Bluestar spoke, clearly still shaken from the battle, "Fireheart, you are a worthy deputy. For there is no cat in this clan, or in his forest, who has proven more loyalty to his clan, I say these words before Redtail, who shines above us and who Fireheart found justice for, so he may hear and approve of my choice." Bluestar bowed her head, mourning her lost deputies.

Fireheart looked as though his fur would fall out from surprise but he managed to keep his voice calm, "Thank you Bluestar, I accept your offer."

Bluestar continued with her announcement, "We also have three kits that should become apprentices," Bluestar said, "Fernkit, I wish you to have Darkstripe as your mentor."

Tinyclaw awaited for her to list her reasoning for her choice, but she just went on to the next kit, "Ashkit, I wish Dustpelt to be your mentor."

Tinyclaw felt Ashkit's head bonk on his chin as the kit leaped up to meet his mentor. Tinyclaw watched as Ashkit touched noses with his mentor, "And lastly, Cloudkit, I want Fireheart to mentor you." Bluestar continued, "You will all now be known as Fernpaw, Ashpaw, and Cloudpaw."

Bluestar climbed down the Highrock without another word and went back into her den while the clan cheered the names of the newly named apprentices.

Ashpaw rushed over to his father, "Please come with Darkstripe, Dustpelt, Fernpaw and I for our first walk! Fireheart should come too!"

Tinyclaw lowered his head and sighed, "I am afraid I can't do that, son, for I have lied to these cats, I will stay in camp for two moons and help out with the elders and queens." he looked up to Ashpaw who was glaring at him, he lowered his head again and listened as Ashpaw's footsteps got further and further away.

After a while Tinyclaw headed for the warriors' den, he saw

Brindleface in their old nest, Tinyclaw knew that she wouldn't want to sleep next to him that night, so he took Tigerclaw's nest, embracing the familiar scents, wishing he could turn back time and keep Tigerclaw from killing Redtail. Tinyclaw felt his eyes get sore, *It's not a sickness, I am holding back feelings.* Tinyclaw took his black front paw and put it atop his white paw, he slid his claws out and racked across his paw, he winced for a moment, then he opened his eyes to see blood seeping from his paw. He lowered his head back down and drifted into sleep.

Chapter 16: Father

A paw touched Tinyclaw's paw, he winced in pain and lifted his eye lids to see a ginger cat smiling at him, "I have someone for you to meet." it was Fireheart's voice.

"I am not leaving camp." Tinyclaw growled, pulling his paw away.

"You want to meet this cat." Fireheart persisted.

Tinyclaw grumbled slightly in giving in, Tinyclaw lifted himself up slowly from the pain in the wounds from the battle.

Tinyclaw, still asleep, had blurred vision, but he did know Fireheart was taking him out of camp. Tinyclaw sniffed the air, *kittypet.* Tinyclaw allowed his vision to clear as he shook his head, when he looked up, he saw double of Fireheart, "Um. Fireheart? Why is there a second you?" Tinyclaw asked in a confused tone.

"So that's what they call you now, Rusty?" The other ginger tom asked, Tinyclaw noted he was an old cat, older than himself.

Fireheart continued, "I just wanted you to meet my father, Jake."

Tinyclaw's eyes went wide, "Jake?"

Both of the ginger toms looked confused, "Do you know me?" Jake asked, "Because I don't know you."

"Mother thought you were dead! How could you be so cruel to leave her?" Tinyclaw hissed.

"Leave?" Jake asked, "I only left one of my mates, and I am sure she didn't have no kits." Jake argued.

"Quince did have kits! I was one of them!" Tinyclaw growled, how could a cat forget the very existence of his kits?

"By great StarClan, you *are* my son." Jake exclaimed the ginger tom touched noses with Tinyclaw, "Nice to meet you, son."

Fireheart was shaking his head, "So my mate is the daughter of my older brothers mate, but you are not her father?" Fireheart had a priceless confused look on his face.

Tinyclaw couldn't help but laugh, but as soon as he did Fireheart snapped out of his confusion. Tinyclaw spoke again, "The forest is a small place, huh?" he said turning to Fireheart, "Anyway, how did you know this cat was your father?"

Fireheart looked confused, "What do you mean? He helped raise me in the twoleg place." Fireheart stopped for a moment realizing that meant Tinyclaw grew up without a father, "Oh. Sorry, Tinyclaw," he turned to Jake, "Why did you leave Tinyclaw and his mother?"

Jake looked awkwardly around, "It's just, uh, she reminded me of an old friend that I miss." Jake looked down to his paws.

Fireheart and Tinyclaw gave eachother a look, Tinyclaw came to a memory from long ago.

Tinyclaw was padding across the Twoleg place border in search for some mouse. He sniffed the air, only to smell a cat from his own clan, he desided to stalk the scent. Once he reached a spot where he knew that cat was near by, he saw a she-cat crouched and watching the fence, Tinyclaw crept forward again and saw that is was Bluefur, he could hear her muttering something ro herself, "That's Jake! And, is he talking to.. Pinestar?!" she whispered, "But he left moons ago, and now he dares come near our territory."Tinyclaw saw Bluefur slide her claws out, ready to attack if the kittypets left their fence. Tinyclaw crept up beside Bluefur, she looked over to him, knowing he planned to do the same as her.
Tinyclaw and Bluefur watched as Pinestar and Jake leaped off of the

fence, "Now." Tinyclaw hissed on his breath.
Bluefur leaped onto Pinestar's back and began biting the back of his neck, and Tinyclaw jumped on the shoulder's of Jake, racking them badly. Pinestar had fled and Jake hissed to his peer, "Pine, you coward, come help me!"
Tinyclaw clawed Jake's eye before saying, "Think of that next time you bring that traitor, Pinestar into the forest!" Tinyclaw let go of the ginger kittypet and watched as he leaped over the fence and into his territory. "Good job, Tinyclaw, we have shown Pinestar and Jake never to come here again"

Tinyclaw snapped his head back to the present, "Your eye." he mewed.

"What about it?" Jake asked with a twitch of his tail.

"I gave you that scar." Tinyclaw growled, "And the one on your shoulder too."

Jake narrowed his eyes for a moment, Tinyclaw could feel his eyes bearing into him, and suddenly Jake smiled and let out a mew of happiness, "My boy is a professional fighter!"

Tinyclaw shook his head, Jake was definately a strange cat.

"Your *boy?*" the voice of a she-cat sounded from behind them, Tinyclaw turned to see Bluestar, "Tinyclaw, is Jake your father?"

Tinyclaw stammered, "I didn't know he was! Fireheart and I are close friends and- and." Tinyclaw looked for words.

"And I wanted Tinyclaw to know who my father was," Fireheart finished, "But it turns out as though we are half brother's and this is our father."

Bluestar glared, "It looks as though you are all traitors to the code," Bluestar turned around, her tail was swishing, "You two don't know how to not play with kittypets."

Tinyclaw looked down at his paws, ashamed that Bluestar thought he was a traitor.

"Well, seeing as you are being a traitor to your clan, Tinyclaw," Bluestar began calmly, "Then you are in a quarter moon suspension from the clan!" she finished with a hiss.

"What?!" Tinyclaw exclaimed, "You can't do that!" Tinyclaw felt his tail swinging violently.

"The deal was if you act like a kittypet we send you away!" Bluestar hissed. She turned and walked away before Tinyclaw could respond.

Jake's voice broke in after several moments, "Um," he started awkwardly, "Why don't ya come to my housefolk, they'll care for ya nice an' good." Tinyclaw turned to see Jake staring at him guiltily, "It is my own fault your gettin' kicked out for that time."

Tinyclaw turned to Fireheart, the ginger deputy frowned, "It would be best, Bluestar won't want you on her territory." Fireheart turned to walk away, "I have to go, see you later father, bye Tinyclaw."

Tinyclaw nodded, "Yeah," he said sadly, "Bye."

Tinyclaw felt Jake brush up on his side, "Shall we, Tinyclaw?" he asked.

"We shall." Tinyclaw replied sadly.

As the two toms walked through rhe forest, Tinyclaw longed to speak, and finally he found the proper words, "I never thought I would go back to being a kittypet." Tinyclaw meowed.

"You were raised in a house?" Jake asked.

"No, not really, I was born in a house and raised in ThunderClan." Tinyclaw replied, "Ever since I left my family, those forest cats have been my family, my mate even had kits." Tinyclaw smiled remembering how Brindleface had cared for her two kits and Cloudpaw.

"What are their names? No need explainin' to me how the names work, I know all that from a friend in WindClan." Jake asked.

"Ashpaw and Fernpaw. Fireheart's sister, Princess, let Fireheart bring her first born son into ThunderClan." Tinyclaw remembered everything about Cloudpaw, he was a great cat.

"Princess had kits too?" Jake asked, "She never told me." Jake frowned.

Tinyclaw remembered that Princess was another kit of Jake's, making her his half-sister, "Yep, but my mate took him in and raised him."

Jake smiled, "You seem to like your mate. What's her name, what does she look like?" Jake pushed.

Tinyclaw felt embarrassed, "She is a beautiful, gray spotted she-cat with gorgeous, green eyes, her fur is long and soft, she always keeps it well groomed." Tinyclaw smiled remembering how wonderful Brindleface was, "Her name is Brindleface."

Jake pushed into Tinyclaw, "Sounds like you've got a keeper!" Jake purred in amusement.

"Yeah, I really do." Tinyclaw answered sadly.

There was a rustling of branches from behind Jake and Tinyclaw, the two toms spun around to see a she-cat, beautiful, gray, *Brindleface!*

"Oh, Tinyclaw! I am sorry for treating you so badly." Brindleface mewed, "First your best friend is exiled, second your secret is revealed, third your mate leaves you, and finally you are suspended!" Brindleface padded up closer to the toms.

"Yeah, my mate did leave me," Tinyclaw grumbled, "So why is she standing before my eyes?" Tinyclaw almost felt his tail go between his legs because he was so nervous about Brindleface's response.

"Because she never stopped loving you, Tiny." Brindleface replied leaning over and licking Tinyclaw's muzzle.

Jake stepped forward, "Now, is this here your pretty mate?" he asked.

"Yes," Tinyclaw smiled, "She is."

Brindleface leaned over and smelled Jake, "You smell funny, but familiar at the same time." she reported.

"That's because he is Fireheart and I's father." Tinyclaw responded, "Jake, this is my mate, Brindleface"

"Howdy!" Jake smiled.

"Brindleface, this is my father, Jake." Tinyclaw finished.

"Nice to meet you, kind cat." Brindleface lifted her tail up.

Tinyclaw watched as the two talked for awhile, not really listening, but just thinking about all the changes in his life that had happened in the last two moon falls. Tinyclaw realized it was getting dark and stood up, "Brindleface, you should head home, it's late."

Brindleface looked at him and twitched her ear awkwardly, "I can't," she said, "I was suspended for getting mad at Bluestar for suspending you." she meowed.

Tinyclaw shook his head, "When will you learn?" he turned to Jake, "Can she stay too?"

Jake smiled, "Why not? The more the merrier!"

Chapter 17: Dark Warriors

As the three cats approached the Twoleg den they could smell the reaking odors of Twoleg place. They pushed through a hole in the barricade on the entrence to the den. Tinyclaw looked around to see that there were no Twolegs, "What's going on? Where are the Twolegs?"

Jake smiled, "I knew they wouldn't be home for the next quarter moon, otherwise you wouldn't be here." Jake walked into a different section of the den, "Make yourself at home, you two, sleep any place you like."

Tinyclaw nodded and wandered into a room with a big, flat thing

that he could see his reflection on, he felt Brindleface push into him, "Tinyclaw, I am scared, I am in a twoleg den and my kits are at home alone."

Tinyclaw licked the top of her head, "Have no fear, most Twolegs are nice," he comforted, "Mine were."

Brindleface nodded and looked to her left, "That big thing looks comfy."

Tinyclaw looked over and saw it, immediately he began trying to remember what it was called, "I think twolegs call it a couch." He reported, "They sit on it an watch the flat thing as it projects weird lights and shapes"

Brindleface's neck fur stood on end, "How is that possible?! A dark square making light?!" she said nervously, "What if it's evil?"

Tinyclaw purred in amusement, "I have never seen a cat hurt by one."

Brindleface nodded and jumped up on the couch, "Wow!" she exclaimed, "This is so comfy, it would be a great place for kits!"

Tinyclaw jumped up after her and layed down, "It's been a long day, let's get some sleep."

"Right." Brindleface smiled and layed down.

Tinyclaw quickly fell asleep, it had been a long day.

Tinyclaw opened his eyes to see a dark forest, he looked around to see a lake with green water running through it, he heard the voice of a she-cat from behind him, "You've met a terrible fate, haven't you?" Tinyclaw spun around with his fur on end, the cat was white with orange spots, she had bright, amber eyes that bore into him. She was accompanied by a medium sized tom that was a brown tabby with a torn up tail, he had burning, yellow eyes that looked as though he could see right through Tinyclaw. Tinyclaw got into a fighting position and growled.

"Who are you? Where am I?" he demanded.

The she-cat smiled a toothy grin, "Why, you are in StarClan." she swept her tail around Tinyclaw, "I am Mapleshade, this is Shredtail. We have come to train you."

Tinyclaw shook his head, "StarClan doesn't train cats, and you don't smell like StarClan." he growled.

Mapleshade looked somewhat suprised when she growled back, "Good nose," she meowed. Mapleshade leaned closer to Tinyclaw's ear, "You want to know a secret?" she grinned.

Tinyclaw looked at her, he saw that she was breathing in his scents with her mouth open, he tryed tp refrain from turning away due to the fact her breath was so rank, "You're Dark Forest, or otherwise known as the Place of No Stars. You were rejected from StarClan." he growled, trying to scare her by ending with a toothy grin and a sny wording, "How'd I do?"

Mapleshade frowned, "How did you know?" she walked away from him and went back to sit with Shredtail.

Tinyclaw felt powered knowing that he was able to see through the shadowed cat's lies, "Tigerclaw told me about this place and what you cats do."

There was a rustling in the bushes behind Mapleshade and Shredtail, a dark brown tabby tom emerged, "Who speaks of me?" the tom meowed in a voice familiar voice to Tinyclaw.

Tinyclaw stared at the cat in surprise, "Tigerclaw?!" he hissed.

Tigerclaw's eyes shot open, "Tinyclaw?!" he gasped, "Why are you here?"

Tinyclaw narrowed his eyes, "I was temporarily exiled from the clan."

Tigerclaw smirked, "Waddya do?" he mocked and then quickly straightened out his face realizing Tinyclaw might be in danger, "Where are you in the living world? Are you safe?"

Tinyclaw sighed, "A kind kittypet took me in."

"Kittypet?!" Tigerclaw looked astonished.

"This kittypet is safe," Tinyclaw responded calmly, "He is my father."

Tigerclaw frowned and asked, "So what *did* you do to be suspended from the clan?"

Tinyclaw looked down, "I had an agruement with Bluestar."

Before Tigerclaw could respond, Mapleshade smacked him with her claws slightly out, "I told you those ThunderClan scum are bad news!" she hissed.

Tinyclaw hissed at Mapleshade, "Tigerclaw is the only ThunderClan scum!" Tinyclaw couldn't believe that he had started talking friendly with Tigerclaw after what he had done.

Mapleshade turned her head, her amber eyes bore into Tinyclaw, "What?" she growled.

Tinyclaw responded, "He valued his own goals over his loyalty to his clan and his clan alone."

Tinyclaw saw Mapleshade's face go into deep consideration and she replied, "I had an apprentice who valued his own goals over loyalty," she turned back to Tigerclaw, "That cat was cursed after he chose his wants over loyalty, every cat he ever loved died and left him."

Tigerclaw looked shocked, "You wouldn't curse me, I am your opening to the living."

Mapleshade bared her teeth, "You are no longer going to be trained by me. I have no wish to train a selfish cat."

Tinyclaw stared at the cats in shock, he had made a difference, he was turning evil on evil for the better.

Tigerclaw growled, "Fine. I am going to find Thistleclaw." Tigerclaw turned and disappeared into the forest.

"Thistleclaw doesn't deserve to be here!" Tinyclaw exclaimed.

Shredtail tilted his head, "Do explain, you must have reason for that thought."

Tinyclaw began, "After Snowfur died, Thistleclaw became a little more battle hungry, he was simply mourning for his love." Tinyclaw paused for the other cats to nod their heads, "He trained Tigerclaw the way he did to avoid another situation where he leaves as his father, Pinestar, did."

Mapleshade looked to be in deep thought, "You are right, but he trained with us and learned to kill." Mapleshade explained, "He wanted to kill."

Tinyclaw whispered under his breath, "That's debatable."

Mapleshade's eyes flew open in a rage, "How dare you?!" she hissed as she lunged for a killing blow, Tinyclaw ducked and closed his eyes. Once he opened his eyes again, he saw Brindleface beside him and he saw the couch below him. He sighed, *That was close.*

Tinyclaw saw that Brindleface was still asleep, and he figured he would do something he had wanted to do for awhile.Tinyclaw slipped away from his mate, not making a sound, and headed for the nearest open entrence, he saw one open and leaped up to it, he looked out to the forest, he had noticed a partol, *ShadowClan as it smells,* he thought before creeping out of the twoleg den.

He jumped up on the fence to speak with the patrol, "Hey!" he called.

One of the cats spun around and hissed, "Kittypet.." but their voice trailed off as they noticed who the cat was, "Tinyclaw?"

it had been Nightstar who saw him.

Tinyclaw saw another cat that was a part of the patrol, it was Ashfur, "Now, what is a cat like you doing here?"

"Uh." Tinyclaw tryed to find an excuse, "I am visiting family."

"Family?" Nightstar asked.

Tinyclaw realized he he made a mistake in his words and searched to quickly fix it, "As you know, I was found a loner kit without a mother, my siblings ran off to be kittypets, while I went to explore the forest," he excused, "I came to see my kin."

Nightstar smiled and nodded, "Understood," the old, black tom said, "My brother, Clawface, always took care of me when I was young."

Tinyclaw felt a little stunned, he had remembered how Fireheart killed Clawface, he did not want to be the one to say what he was about to say, but he had to, "About that," he meowed sadly, "I am afraid Clawface and his gang attacked our camp, we drove them out and are well, but if there is one fatality that stands out, it was your brother's." Tinyclaw finished lowering his head in respect.

Nightstar's eyes flew open in surprise and sadness, "Oh," he lowered his head, "I see."

Tinyclaw watched the tom look back and forth between his thoughts before speaking, "How has your clan been since Brokentail's rule?"

"Good, I guess." Nightstar sighed, "Not only did my brother become a traitor, but my apprentice did also."

Tinyclaw felt surprised, "Brokentail was your apprentice?!" he calmed himself, "Sorry for your losses." Tinyclaw bowed his head down again.

"It's all right, I have nothing to do with their choices." Nightstar meowed.

Ashfur nudged Nightstar, "We must keep moving, the clan will wonder what has become of us."

Nightstar nodded, "Yes," he waved goodbye with his tail, "Farewell Tinyclaw."

"You too!" Tinyclaw mewed happily as he hopped back on the twoleg fence.

He kept walking until he found a garden that was very familiar to

him, the place where he had grown up.

Chapter 18: A Time to Re-Visit

Tinyclaw hopped off of the fence and into the garden, he looked across the yard to see a very old she-cat resting, he walked over to her.

Once he got over she had lifted her head and looked at him in confusion, she sniffed him and wrinkled up her nose in disgust, "You smell like a forest cat!" she exclaimed.

"That is because I am one." Tinyclaw replied with a smile, "But it wasn't always that way."

The she-cat got up and hissed, "I don't care, leave now!" she had terror in her eyes.

Tinyclaw smiled and stepped closer to her, "Tiny didn't die."

Her eyes went wide with sadness, "What?" she started to shake in fear and sadness.

"I saw him in the forest." Tinyclaw hopped on the deck beside the she-cat.

"Where?!" she asked excitedly.

"In my reflection." Tinyclaw meowed not being able to hold back his affection for his mother, "I am Tiny, Quince!"

"Tiny..." she looked astonished, "Is it really you?"

"If the sky it really above us, then yes it is." Tinyclaw replied warmly.

Quince leaped forward and pushed Tinyclaw over, she smothered him in licks, "My kit! My kit, has returned home!" She pulled him close to her, "I thought you had died!"

"Mama." Tinyclaw whispered, "I can't stay for long."

Quince pulled back, "Why?" she asked sadly.

"My mate is waiting for me." he replied with a frown.

"Mate?" his mother asked with a smile.

Tinyclaw stood up and shook out his fur, "Yes, her name is Brindleface."

"That's a very pretty name, Tiny," Quince was beaming with happiness.

"Oh, uh, that's not my name anymore," Tinyclaw corrected, "My name is Tinyclaw, I am a warrior of ThunderClan."

Quince looked a little frightened, at either the fact he was a forest cat, or his name sounded sort of mean, "That's a, um, tough name," she meowed awkwardly and then smiled, "For my tough kit!"

Tinyclaw purred in amusement and wrapped his tail around his mother, "Will you come with me to meet my mate?" he asked.

Quince looked uneasy, "In the forest?"

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I was suspended from my clan for arguing with my leader, I am staying with a kittypet."

"Kittypet?" she asked tilting her head.

"It's a house cat." he corrected.

Quince nodded and trotted across the garden, "Let's go."
She is older than most of the elders in my clan, and yet she moves faster, Tinyclaw thought, *I have heard kittypets live longer though.* Without thinking anymore he bolted after his mother, the two ran across the fence line quickly and finally ended up at Jake's yard, they jumped down and Quince sniffed the air, "This smells familiar." she reported.

"Good nose, someone you know lives here." Tinyclaw responded and dashed up and into the window, he heard his mother behind him.

Tinyclaw walked into the room he and Brindleface had slept in, when his mate saw him she bolted over and pushed him to the ground, "How dare you leave like that! I thought the twolegs had gotten you" she hissed.

Tinyclaw frowned, "I am sorry, love."

Brindleface sighed and licked his cheek, "I love you too, Tinyclaw." Brindleface looked up to see Quince, "Who's that?"

Tinyclaw worked his way out from beneath the gray she-cat and stated proudly, "That is my mother, Quince."

"Your what?!" Jake hissed as he dashed into the area they were in, "Oh Quince!"

Quince scowled at the ginger tom, "What are you doing alive?" she hissed, "I raised my kits alone you traitor!" Quince leaped at Jake and barreled him over, "Your son was bullied by his littermates because you weren't there to protect him! You caused us all so much pain!" Jake opened his mouth to argue, but Quince wouldn't let him speak, "Two of your kits are in town killing cats by the tens! They are evil, all because you ran away from being a father!"

Brindleface intervened, "Now, hurting him won't help, Tinyclaw and I just finished a fight," she explained, "he lied to us forest cats about where he came from. I had no clue who my mate really was." Quince looked up Brindleface and let go of Jake. Brindleface continued speaking, "But I realized I love him. Even though his kits had no clue their father was a kittypet, they still loved him," she explained, "And same for Jake, Tinyclaw forgave him, because they are family and Jake is now repaying his debut to Tinyclaw by letting him and I stay here."

Quince looked guilty, "It my be hard to forgive you," she turned to Jake, "but I loved you ever since you left, and I will continue to do so."

Jake smiled, "That's wonderful, Quince."

Tinyclaw walked past Jake and Quince to go lay on the couch for

some rest, "I am going for a nap." he yawned.

Jake ran ahead of him, "Would you like some entertainment?"

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I am too tired to run around."

Jake laughed, "You can do this while resting!"

Tinyclaw sighed and nodded, "Fine, I will do it."

Jake took them into the room with the black box, Tinyclaw layed down on the couch, his mother and Brindleface followed. Jake brought over a gray box and sat down, "This is a remote."

"So amazing." Tinyclaw mewed unenthusiastic.

Jake smiled and pushed down on a green marking on the remote, the big black box started making noise and light. Tinyclaw hissed at it and jumped over to protect Brindleface. Jake laughed, "This won't hurt ya. Lay on down and see what it has to offer."

Tinyclaw complied, knowing that Jake knew more about this stuff than him.

Tinyclaw watched as there were cats on the box, one of them looked familiar. Brindleface spoke from beside him "Is that?"

Tinyclaw felt a rush of fear as he saw who the cat was "Tigerclaw!" Tinyclaw kept watching, and then he saw Tigerclaw had a dead cat at his paws.

"My word!" Jake exclaimed, "The housefolk are saying that he is killin' cats!"

Quince stood up with her claws out, "Is he one of your friends Tinyclaw?"

Tinyclaw felt shocked, he watched in horror as Tigerclaw liked the blood off of his paws, "He used to be." he admitted.

"We have to stop him!" Brindleface hissed.

Jake nodded in agreement (*authors note: I have yet to read Tallstar's Revenge and so I have no idea what type of cat Jake is.)* "I think we should."

Quince swatted Jake over the head, "Are you insane?!" she hissed, "Now you wanna get us killed?!"

Tinyclaw pressed up against his mother, "If you don't want to go, you don't have to." He turned to Brindleface, "Are you in?"

"I am *not* going to let that cat touch *my* kits!" she hissed.

Quince looked uneasy for a moment, "My kit won't get hurt without Tiger whatever getting hurt!"

Tinyclaw laughed, "Then the four of us will go talk to him?" he asked.

Jake nodded, "We shall! You lead us!" he yowled.

We quickly filed out of the window and ran into the forest Brindleface was running beside Tinyclaw she sounded confused, "Where are we going?" she asked, very confused.

"We need help," he responded not stopping his pace, "I am going to get Fireheart, Whitestorm, Ravenpaw and Barley." Tinyclaw felt like a mouse brain after he had said what he did. Brindleface did not know Ravenpaw was alive.

"What do you mean by Ravenpaw?" she asked.

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I will explain later" he said quickly before dodging a fallen branch, he came to a halt once he smelled camp, "We are here."

Quince was shaking beside him, "I've never been in the forest before."

Tinyclaw pressed into his mother, "It's perfectly safe," he comforted.

Quince looked around with a very shocked face, "You live here?"

Tinyclaw nodded, "You all stay here, I am going to sneak into camp through the back,"

The others said nothing as Tinyclaw crept around the camp, once he reached the back, he pushed through the wall to get in, he realized quickly that he had went into the medicine den, he saw Cinderpaw curled up next to Yellowfang. Tinyclaw tried to swallow down a purr on how happy he was that Yellowfang and Cinderpaw were getting along. He crept around the wall of the den and poked his head out into the clearing. He saw Fireheart and Cloudpaw doing some training, ge also saw Darkstripe with Fernpaw. Tinyclaw tried very hard to not growl, he was infuriated that Fernpaw was being mentored by such a cruel cat. He crept out of the den and snuck as close as possible to Fireheart, he got three tail lengths from the warrior before he whispered, "Hey! Fireheart!"

Fireheart turned around wide eyed, Cloudpaw was still batting at the ginger tom's tail, "T-Tinyclaw?" he whispered back, "Is that you?"

Tinyclaw pushed his face closer so Fireheart could see him and nodded, "Leave the camp, you are deputy, you have the choice to do that." he replied, "Meet me by the tunnel in Thunder Path."

Fireheart nodded, Tintclaw knew he wouldn't want to argue with family.

Tinyclaw crept around camp once more and entered the medicine den, but to his shock he looked up to see Yellowfang towering over him, "What do you think you're doing here?" she growled.

Cinderpaw pushed her back, "He must have a good reason." she pleaded, she and Tinyclaw had become friends after her accident.

"I do." Tinyclaw responded, "I came for help."

Yellowfang titled her head to the side in question, "Go on."

"I saw Tigerclaw, he is killing innocent kittypets, slaughtering them like prey." he explained, "I came to ask Fireheart and Whitestorm to help me kill him." he finished.

Yellowfang looked to be in deep thought, "Killing is against the code." she said, not in an angry tone.

"I am currently not a warrior." Tinyclaw told her, "Can I go? I am in a hurry, I have a band of cats ready to help me kill him waiting."

Yellowfang gestured her paw and stepped aside, "Go, and don't let him live."

Tinyclaw gave a nod of respect and dashed past her to push through the bracken wall and into the forest, he bolted back to where his family was waiting.

He was panting by the time he got there, he looked up at them and made a gesture with his tail for them to follow him. He dashed again, dodging trees and twigs along the way, he was surprised when he looked back to see his older, kittypet parents keeping up with his pace, though they did look exhausted. He finally ended up at the Thunder Path to see Fireheart waiting, and to his delight he also saw Whitestorm.

"Good you're both here!" he panted as he approached them.

"Yes. Even though I had no clue I was going to be here." Whitestorm grumbled sleepily.

Fireheart smiled, "I asked him to come, he is a close friend of both of us."

Tinyclaw nodded, "I was hoping you would bring him, I need you both."

"Why?" Whitestorm asked, he seemed to have woken up more.

Jake stepped forward, "We need help fighting off a cat named Tiger-something!" he said wih his tail up. Tinyclaw noticed Quince was shaking with her tail between her legs. He felt sorry for her, she had never intended to step paw in the forest, let alone fight a killer forest cat, and meet forest cats.

Fireheart looked stunned, "Tigerclaw?!" he exclaimed.

Tinyclaw nodded, "Yes."

"Why?" Whitestorm asked.

Tinyclaw began to tell them everything that happened once he finished he saw Whitestorm looked a little angry, "What is it, friend?"

Whitestorm bit his lip, clearly in an attempt not to say anything mean, but then he let out his words, they were shaken with sadness and betrayal, "You lied to me your entire life, and then you got suspended from them clan and slept with kittypets! And only to add to that, Tigerclaw and I grew up together, I am devastated, Tinyclaw," Whitestorm said, it had taken a lot for Whitestorm to finally break, he had been strong and wise for too long, and now Tinyclaw was seeing what Whitestorm felt in his times of sadness, "I am hurt."

Tinyclaw felt a tad taken back at the news of Whitestorm's sadness, he had frozen with shock, not able to respond. Luckily Fireheart spoke up, "Whitestorm, we had no idea you felt this way. Why didn't you tell any cat?"

Whitestorm bit his lip, and by the look at regret and sadness on his face, he looked like he had given up a lot of hope in his friend, "Staying strong for the clan is my first priority. I would love to help bring down Tigerclaw, but we grew up together, it's hard to turn against those you trusted." Whitestorm looked to Tinyclaw, he looked like he had a flash of realization, "And that's why I will forgive and help you, Tinyclaw"

Tinyclaw let out a purr of delight, "I am honored to have you as a friend, Whitestorm." he said licking the top of the white warrior's head.

Brindleface brushed up beside Whitestorm in affection for the cat who had been a brother to her, once she was done she turned to Fireheart, "What about your apprentices?"

Fireheart looked in deep thought, *Must be thinking of bringing Cloudpaw and Brightpaw,* Tinyclaw figured.

"Whitestorm, how would you feel about bringing Brightpaw? I would bring Cloudpaw, but he is much too young."

Whitestorm nodded, "Brightpaw is a skilled fighter," he said, "I will bring her."

Tinyclaw realized the sun was setting, "Meet us at Four Trees tommorow night." he said, "I am going to ask Ravenpaw and Barley for help." he finished.

Whitestorm gasped, "Ravenpaw is dead!"

Tinyclaw shook his head, "Let Fireheart explain, I must get going."

Whitestorm nodded and waved in farewell as Tinyclaw, his parents, and Brindleface trotted off.

The four cats followed Thunder Path, being extremely careful while passing WindClan and RiverClan, once they saw the barn on the other side Tinyclaw signalled for his followers to cross the path, luckily they never met with any monsters. Tinyclaw approached the barn with caution, he saw Ravenpaw and Barley out front sweeping away leaves with their tails from the entrence.

Tinyclaw have a meow of greeting, "Hello, friends!" he said as he ran toward Ravenpaw. Ravenpaw purred in delight the moment he saw Tinyclaw, he licked the top of the black warrior's head.

"What brings you here?" he asked excitedly.

"I need help." Tinyclaw said without delay.

Ravenpaw nodded, not caring what it was he needed to do, "Right this way."

Ravenpaw led the four cats to a pile of hay, Quince looked very delighted as she saw the nice accommodations, "This is a very nice home you have!" She said with a smile from ear to ear.

"We work very hard to keep it nice." Barley yawned from behind them, the black and white tom hopped up on some boxes and layed down, eyeing Quince and Jake cautiously.

"Ravenpaw, Barley, this ginger tom is my father, Jake." Tinyclaw stated as he sat down in a nest.

"Pleasure to meet you Jake." Ravenpaw greeted with a polite nod.

"And this is my mother, Quince" he said pointing his tail to the gray she cat standing next to Brindleface.

"I thought your mother was dead." Ravenpaw replied in a suspicious tone, "How can she be here?"

Tinyclaw sighed with his heart feeling heavy, Ravenpaw was a dear friend of his, most of the time he had taken over training of the apprentice vecause Tigerclaw was too violent, "I wasn't born a loner, and my mother never died. I lied to you, the clan, and every other cat I have ever met." Tinyclaw felt a sadness sweep over him as Ravenpaw's face went from confusion to betrayal.

"Y-you lied?" he gasped.

"The time I had joined the clan was two leaders before Bluestar," Tinyclaw explained, "The leader before Sunstar, Pinestar, Tigerclaw's father, spent his last life as a kittypet. He left his clan and betrayed them all." he saw Ravenpaw's face calm down as he listened to Tinyclaw's reasoning for lying to him, "I joined just after that happened, and any cat would have loved to kill a kittypet at that time. So Bluestar, Rosetail, Sunstar, and Thrushpelt covered up my true identity to keep me alive within the clan."

Ravenpaw layed down, and looked to be in deep thought as to what he was just told.

Ravenpaw smiled, "I see why you had to lie. I lied and said I was dead, so I can see why you did what you did." Ravenpaw got up and licked behind Tinyclaw's ear, "Besides, you are my hero. You were like a father to me."

Tinyclaw heard Barley grumble from behind them, the white and black tom padded over to stand by Ravenpaw's side, "Why are you here? With kittypets for that matter." he asked.

Brindleface stepped forward, "We need help killing Tigerclaw."

Ravenpaw gasped and Barley's mouth gaped open in astonishment, "You're going to kill your deputy?!" Barley exclaimed.

Brindleface shook her head, "No, we are killing an exiled member from our clan. He is killing plenty of kittypets."

"Tigerclaw was exiled?" Ravenpaw asked.

Tinyclaw nodded his head, "And I was suspended from the clan for a quarter moon."

Ravenpaw tilted his head in confusion, "Why?"

Tinyclaw felt uneasy speaking about his punishment, "I argued with Bluestar."

Barley shrugged, "She's a wise cat, I wouldn't challenge her word."

Tinyclaw shook his head, "Neither would I, but Bluestar has got bee's in her brain since she had to exile Tigerclaw."

Ravenpaw sighed, "I can see why, she trusted him beyond any limit, and he betrayed her."

Brindleface sighed, "Anyway, will you two help us fight Tigerclaw?"

Barley nodded, "My sister is a kittypet, no way I will chance her being killed."

"Right, then meet us tommorow night at Four Trees." Tinyclaw responded before getting up to leave. Before he could leave Ravenpaw had tackled him, bringing him down to the ground.

"Stay here! You can catch some mouse and sleep in the hay!" Ravenpaw meowed excitedly.

Brindleface laughed at how the two toms acted with one another, "If that would be okay with Barley, we would love to stay!"

Tinyclaw wiggled out from underneath the black loner that sprawled on top of him, "What do ya say Barley?"

Barley looked uneasy and a bit jealous, "I guess, but no cat is sleeping in mine and Ravenpaw's nest." he grumbled.
He must be jealous of the relationship Ravenpaw and I have. Tinyclaw thought as he nodded his head.

"No issue with me, I will share a nest with Brindleface." he replied as he padded over to get a hay nest ready for he and his mate to sleep in.

Quince was sniffing Ravenpaw and Barley, "You don't smell like blood and bones?" she asked in a confused tone.

Barley looked confused, "Why would we?"

Quince sat down, "When I was a kit, some moons ago, I was told you wild cats kill for fun and sharpen your claws on old bones."

Barley shook his head, "No, there is only one clan that does that." he responded.

Tinyclaw picked his ears up in question, "Which one?" Tinyclaw asked

Barley shook his head, "You wouldn't know them, they call themselves *BloodClan."*

Brindleface looked a bit shocked, "How do you know of them?" she asked.

Barley looked hesitant to say why, "Because I used to be a member of them, it's ruled by Blood and Claw, they are siblings." he explained

Tinyclaw felt his heart race, "That's not their real names," he said, "Their real names are Socks and Ruby, my brother and Sister, my kin."

Chapter 19: Complications

Barley's face went straight to suspicion, he eyed Tinyclaw and his family wearily, he shook his head and moaned. Ravenpaw tried to wrap his tail around his friend but he pushed him away and exited

the barn.

Ravenpaw looked hurt, "I don't know what is with him," he said, trying to cut out the awkward air that filled the area, "I think you should talk to him alone, Tinyclaw."

Tinyclaw sighed, *What if he thinks I am one of them?* "I will go." he meowed as he was walking toward the exit of the barn. He poked his head outside and looked around for Barley, he snapped his head to the right when he heard the dogs barking, he saw Barley, sitting just out of reach, almost as though he was taunting the mongrels. Tinyclaw watched in horror as one of the dogs snapped at Barley's leg and pulled him in range of the leash. Tinyclaw immediately rushed over to the loner's rescue, he sunk his claws into the ground before launching himself at one of the dogs, he saw Barley was limp out of the corner of his eye, but the white and black tom was still very much alive, Tinyclaw sunk his claws into one of the dog's shoulder, knowing the twolegs would be upset if he hurt the dog badly.

The dog flopped onto its side and crushed Tinyclaw beneath him, as Tinyclaw began giving up all hope of surviving he closed his eyes. The dog pressed all of the air out of his lungs, causing him to stop breathing. Tinyclaw shut his eyes, losing strength to fight, before his ears rang too much he could hear his mother wailing in misery. He felt happy knowing that he was going to join StarClan as a cat who was loved by his family and clan. Tinyclaw felt a rush of air enter his lungs and he snapped his eyes open to see Quince and Jake attacking the dog on top of him and Brindleface and Ravenpaw helping Barley out of reach of the dog. Tinyclaw felt a cat dragging him away, he didn't bother to look as he was too concerned about his parents fighting the dog. He felt a rush of pride as he realized fighting was in his blood despite his kittypet heritage. He felt relieved as his parents leaped out of reach of the dog.

He looked up to see it was Barley who had pulled him out.

Knowing all the cats were safe he spoke, "Barley... Why did you...?" he asked, still trying to get his breath back.

"I wanted to get away, I wanted to go somewhere else to think,

Barley responded sadly, "But the dogs jumped out and I froze in shock."

Tinyclaw nodded and pushed himself off of the ground, "Life is a death wish. Isn't it?"

Barley laughed awkwardly, "Yeah," he sighed, "You're not bleeding." he examined.

Tinyclaw smiled, "Just knocked the wind out of me, I will feel better by morning," Tinyclaw looked closer at Barley to see his leg and shoulder were bleeding, "The dog got ya?"

Barley looked down, just realizing his wounds, "I guess so, it's nothing big."

Quince brushed up against Tinyclaw as she walked over to lick Barley's head, "Let's get you both in the barn to heal up for the night."

Barley ducked slightly when she licked the top of his head, but agreed to go and rest.

The six cats entered the barn and snuggled up in their own nests, they all fell quickly asleep.

Tinyclaw opened his eyes to find himself in the Dark Forest again, he turned to his side to see Tigerclaw, the brown tabby was looking straight forward at something in the bushes, Tinyclaw looked forward to see what he was looking at. All he saw was a pair of amber eyes staring back at them.

"Thistleclaw." Tigerclaw greeted the cat

"Who is your friend?" the cat emerged from the bush, his molted gray fur sticking out like thistles.

"Frie-" Tigerclaw began confused before he saw Tinyclaw sitting next to him, "Tinyclaw?"

Thistleclaw let out a snort of disgust, "What is *he* doing here?" he growled.

Tinyclaw felt awkward with the two cats, he had never intended to see Thistleclaw ever again, "I don't know how I got here," Tinyclaw explained, "My first time here was last night, and I still have no clue why I wake up here."

Thistleclaw looked confused, "One of the cats that lives here wants to speak with you then. There is no other way to come here." the gray tom looked around for any of the other inhabitants of the Dark Forest.

"Perhaps Mapleshade? He made a wonderful impression on her last time he was here." Tigerclaw grumbled, reminding Tinyclaw of how he was no longer being trained by Mapleshade.

"Mapleshade! If this is your apprentice, deal with him!" Thistleclaw yowled into the forest, "I have my own apprentice to deal with!"

There was a rustling in the bushes from behind them, "You don't have to yell." it was a she cat's voice, it was very hoarse.

Tinyclaw turned around to see that it was Mapleshade who had come out, "Why would *you* being me here despite the fact I angered you?" Tinyclaw asked with a twinge in his whisker.

Mapleshade's face turned slowly into a smile, "He's adorable, isn't he?"

Thistleclaw let out a snicker from behind him as he sat down beside Tinyclaw, "She's here because you impressed her with your word smithing."

Mapleshade nodded, "And it is very clear you are a skilled fighter despite your size."

Tinyclaw felt scared as he realized that evil cats respected him, "Thistleclaw, I was friends with Bluestar, how on the world can you respect me?" he asked

Thistleclaw sighed, "I wish I had a controlling mind like yours," he said, "It's because you're able to make friends with everyone. You even made a good impression on Tigerclaw despite the fact he knew you were a kittypet all along."

Tigerclaw growled, "I was very impressed with your lying abilities."

Mapleshade stalked closer to Tinyclaw, she was just a fur length away from his face, "That's why," her breath was rank, "I want to train you."

Tinyclaw thought for a moment, this could be his chance to discover where Tigerclaw is, all of the dark warriors weaknesses, and help his clan defend themselves from the evil warrior, "Well." he started awkwardly, knowing if he accepted too fast they would see through him, "I *would* like to become stonger and more adept, but you're all cats who were exiled from StarClan."

Thistleclaw's fur was bristling beside him, Tinyclaw felt a suspicion that he was scared he would tell the clans, "So," Thistleclaw said, "What will it be?"

Tinyclaw tried to make a face as though he was in deep thought to trick the cats around him, he then nodded his head, "Alight, I agree to join the Dark Forest."

Mapleshade grinned from ear to ear, "I was hoping you would say that."

Tinyclaw smiled awkwardly back at the messy furred she~cat, "So, what will we do first?" he asked.

Mapleshade gave Thistleclaw a look, seeming as though she could talk to him without words, Thistleclaw let out a raspy tone, "I say we test your skills on Tigerclaw, you two always did well together as apprentices."

Mapleshade glanced at Thistleclaw, "They are still apprentices despite both being senior warriors."

Tinyclaw tilted his head in confusion, "How so?"

The white and orange she~cat swatted the back of his head, "Mouse brain! You still don't know everything!"

Thistleclaw looked up to the sky, "Mapleshade," he said urgently, "The sun is rising in the living world."

Mapleshade looked up, she looked shocked to see that their skies had become brighter, but not by much, she began tapping Tinyclaw's shoulder repeatedly, "Wake up, or they'll see you."

"Wait" Tinyclaw said while advancing toward Tigerclaw, "Where are you? Are you safe?" he asked.

Tigerclaw gave his close friend a forced smile, "I am safe, I am staying with Blackfoot and the other rouges near ShadowClan."

Before Tinyclaw could respond he said his world get brighter and brighter, until he shut his eyes and opened them in the dream world, she saw Quince speaking happily with Ravenpaw, she seemed intrigued by his words.

"What are you two talking about?" Tinyclaw asked with a yawn.

Quince smiled, "He is telling me of your achievements!"

Ravenpaw gave a nod to confirm what she said, "Yep, about how you saved me, drove away badgers, everything."

Tinyclaw felt embarrassed, Ravenpaw had never given up on Tinyclaw saving him, even though it had been Longtail to do so, "Quince, where is Jake?" Tinyclaw asked as he stretched out his back, trying to change the subject.

Quince pointed her tail to the door of the barn, Tinyclaw looked over to see Jake and Barley entering with fresh caught prey in their jaws, they dropped the prey on the ground in front of Ravenpaw and Quince, Ravenpaw leaned down and spoke, "Thank you StarClan for feeding us with this wonderful mouse, it's life will be used ethically."

Tinyclaw looked over to see Barley look on in admiration of Ravenpaw, "Do you believe?" Tinyclaw asked.

Barley shrugged, "I don't really know if I do. I know you can speak to them at moonstone, but they are not my warrior ancestors." he sighed, "I don't think I have the proper faith to join them."

Tinyclaw felt a pang of sympathy for the loner, "StarClan knows you

are a good cat, Barley, I trust that if you believe in the slightest, they will welcome a warm hearted cat like you," Tinyclaw realized that Barley had went hunting with wounds that needed healing, "Uh, Barley, how are you feeling?"

Ravenpaw let out a bit of laughter, "Oh, he's JustBarley!"

Tinyclaw felt confused, but by the look on Barley's face, he knew that Ravenpaw had made a joke at his friends expense, "I met a mouse brained cat once who thought my name was JustBarley." he explained to the clearly confused Tinyclaw.

Tinyclaw smirked and turned to his parents, "We need to train you for battle," he said to the older cats who were eating.

Jake made a confused face, "I thought we were pretty good last night."

Tinyclaw nodded in agreement, "But no cat, not even me is good enough to beat Tigerclaw in battle."

Brindleface yawned from the nest below him, "We can't even find Tigerclaw."

Tinyclaw shook his head, "But we can," he explained, "I saw him in a dream last night, he is with Blackfoot and the others on ShadowClan grounds."

Brindleface looked uneasy, "Then we need more warriors to help us."

Ravenpaw butted in, "I know!" he exclaimed, "We can ask Onewhisker and his friends for help, he owes Barley and I a favor!"

Tinyclaw nodded in approval, "Good thinking Ravepaw," **(a purposeful mistake just because Ravenpaw likes to Rave)** Tinyclaw looked out of a hole in the barn, it the sun had just risen, "Ravenpaw, you and Barley go get the WindClan warriors. Jake, Quince, Brindleface and I will train here."

Ravenpaw nodded and quickly gulped down his mouse, "You ready Barley?"

Barley nodded and the two toms trotted out of the barn.

Tinyclaw gulped down the last of his mouse and went to go find some hay for his parents to practice their attacks on. Although, he came up cold, not be if able to find a bail of hay small enough, *I could just let them attack me.* He thought.

He walked back to see Brindleface had already started teaching the kittypets how to swipe their paws properly to sink into the pelt of their enemy.

Tinyclaw desided he would try a sneak attack on Quince, he knew she had trained her kits to fight, but he wanted to know what *she* knew. He crept up behind a hay bail, he watched how she balanced her tail and where she would be next, he leapt out at her with his claws tucked away, she must have caught him in her eye because she swatted his face to the side, blocking his attack, he staggered to his feet and let out a fake hiss, she growled back, now knowing it was her son. Quince pressed her belly to the ground and launched herself at him, he dodged to the side and unbalanced her with one paw, her eyes seemed to be filled with the desire to win, he knew she would not lose if she had the option not to. She sent out a blur of paws swatting at his face. Tinyclaw was impressed with the force she could use. Tinyclaw made it seem as though he was giving in by tucking his tail between him and lowering to his belly, Quince let out a huff of triumph. Tinyclaw lurched upward and smacked his head into the she~cat's chest, flipping her over onto her back, she struggled to break free, finally she pushed on one of his legs and unbalanced him, sending him falling to the ground, Tinyclae looked up to see her huffing in exhaustion, *She's the same age as Bluestar,* he thought as he watched his mother, *but Bluestar has experience, and she is much bigger than Quince.* Tinyclaw shook his head, not wanting size to be a factor in Quince's abilities.

"That's enough." he said licking his paw.

Quince looked eager, "How did I do?" she asked, still out of breath.

Tinyclaw gave a smile of pride, "Very well, I know where my fighting abilities came from."

Brindleface brushed against Quince, "I am very surprised a cat your age can fight like that."

Tinyclaw nodded, "You won't need much training for the attack."

Quince looked confused, "What if we lose?"

Tinyclaw shrugged his shoulders and lowered his head, "I do not know."

Brindleface let out a comforting meow, "We have plenty of warriors to help us."

Tinyclaw nodded his head, now feeling saddened that he could possibly be leading cats to their deaths, he padded toward the exit of the barn and looked out side, he saw that it was sun high already, *Ravenpaw and Barley should return shortly.*

Tinyclaw picked up his ears when he heard lot's of voices approaching the barn, he squinted his eyes to see a mass of cats following Ravenpaw and Barley. *He brought all of WindClan!*

Chapter 20: A Battle Worth Fighting

"Look who came!" Ravenpaw called excitedly.

Tinyclaw looked on in astonishment, "Tallstar!" he meowed as he ran up to the WindClan leader.

Tallstar gave a smile, "Ravenpaw told me everything, the killing of Redtail, the exile, and even your story."

Tinyclaw frowned, "I am sorry I lied to you and your clan."

Tallstar laughed, "You've brought me to see an old friend!"

Tinyclaw felt confused, what did Tallstar mean? "Let's go into the barn, I will lay down my plan."

Tallstar nodded, and Tinyclaw lead the WindClan cats into the barn.

Tinyclaw saw Quince hiding behind some hay, while Jake stood

bravely, looking at the WindClan warriors, his eyes went wide as he saw Tallstar, "Talltail!" Jake called excitedly.

Tallstar squinted his eyes at the orange tom, "Fireheart?" he asked confused, but then the black and white tom's eyes went wide with surprise, "Jake!" he rushed over to Tinyclaw's father and rubbed up against him, Jake let out many purrs of happiness.

"Oh, Talltail, I am so happy to see you!" Jake squeaked almost like a kit.

Tallstar purred back, "I to you, my friend" Tallstar took a step back from the ginger tom, "And it's Tallstar now."

Jake smiled, "You're leader?!"

Tallstar nodded.

Tinyclaw felt bad to interrupt the meeting of the two who appeared to be friends somehow, "I don't mean to be rude," he said, "But time is passing, and we need to get rid of these rouges."

Tallstar nodded, he backed into the crowd of cats standing in the barn, Tinyclaw began explaining everything to them, including his visit with Tigerclaw in the forest and why Tinyclaw was living the life of a loner. All of WindClan seemed intrigued witht the story, and how everything fell into place, "So you agree to help?" WindClan let out many yowls of agreement to the plan, but Tinyclaw noted Mudclaw looked troubled, "Mudclaw, is there an issue?" Tinyclaw asked the brown warrior.

Mudclaw shook his head and simply said, "I can't believe Tigerclaw would do that."

Tinyclaw felt a pang of sorrow when he heard the sadness in the warrior's voice, he had clearly looked up to Tigerclaw as a role model deputy. Tinyclaw nodded, seeing they were losing Sunlight, "Then we should all catch some prey and head to Four Trees." he said.

The WindClan cats scattered, Tallstar approached Tinyclaw, "I mean no offence, but if Fireheart figured out Tigerclaw, I think he should

lead us into the battle."

Tinyclaw nodded, "I understand, I think every cat here knows Fireheart is a born leader."

Tallstar gave him a look of approval and rushed off to catch prey quickly.

Tinyclaw sat for a moment, trying to figure out why WindClan wanted to help attack the rogues so badly, but then it hit him that the rogues had driven them out of their homes, and if it weren't for Ravenpaw, Graystripe, and Fireheart they would have never been able to make it home and re-settle, *They are doing this to be even, to be powerful.* Tinyclaw looked on to Tallstar with admiration, he understood what the will for revenge was, this was Tallstar's revenge.

Tinyclaw knew there was no way arranging this battle would not cause deaths, because the rogues live by no code, and no honor, Tinyclaw looked at all of the cats who were hunting in the barn, he wondered how many of them would die tommorow.

Once all the cats had caught and eaten their prey, Tinyclaw called for them to gather around, "Cat's of WindClan," he said, "We are going to set off for Four Trees immediately to meet some ThunderClan warriors to make plans to attack the rogues,"

Mudclaw started the yowls, "We will have our revenge!"

Every cat started yowling in cheer, they all filed out quickly, following Jake, Brindleface, Quince, Tinyclaw, Ravenpaw, Barley, and Tallstar. Tallstar walked alongside Jake, his black furs mingling with the ginger toms'. Tinyclaw admired them, he knew they must of had some type of friend ships before this. The cats set off toward Thunderpath. Once they arrived at the stinking path, Tinyclaw halted the group, "Tallstar, you should cross first, take Jake and Quince with you." he said, Tinyclaw looked up to the sky noting that is was dark; seeing the monsters would be a challenge.

Tallstar nodded, he looked carefully both ways and pelted across, with Jake and Quince at either side of him. Tinyclaw signaled for

Onewhisker and some other warriors to cross, "Are you ready?" Tinyclaw asked.

Onewhisker nodded, he had Ashfoot and Deadfoot, the WindClan deputy, at his sides. Tinyclaw proceeded to safely cross every warrior until he was he, Barley, Ravenpaw, and Brindleface's turns, Tinyclaw looked both ways and saw nothing, he leaped out onto the path, but he froze when he felt rumbling and vibrating, he looked to his side and saw a huge monster with trees in the back charging at him. Tinyclaw turned and pushed Brindleface over the path, Barley and Ravenpaw followed. Tinyclaw found himself stuck in place, he froze up and stared at the approaching monster. He came out of his trance when he could hear Brindleface yowling for him to move, *There is no way I'll make it! Tinycla*w crouched down at the last second and accepted his doom. He felt his fur being pulled from the wind of the monster passing. Tinyclaw realized the monster had missed him and just went over him without touching him. Tinyclaw looked up, feeling grateful he still had his life. He rushed off of the Thunder Path and towards his mate. Brindleface began licking him and purring that she was happy he lived.

After a bit of attention from his family, Tinyclaw desided to keep moving. The tracked for a while, no cat said a word. Soon enough they found themselves at four trees, Tinyclaw saw that Fireheart had brought more cats than expected.

He saw Fireheart, Whitestorm, Brackenfur, Brightpaw, Graystripe; who was a RiverClan member now, Frostfur, and Swiftpaw.

Tinyclaw rushed over and greeted Fireheart, "You didn't need so many warriors!"

Fireheart smiled, "I had no clue you were bringing the whole of WindClan!" Fireheart turned to find Tallstar, he bowed down in respect, "It's an honor to fight along your clan's side,"

Tinyclaw felt a little pride in the respectful warrior, he had helps train him.

Tallstar nodded, "Thank you, Fireheart. That action is why I wish for *you* to lead this attack."

Fireheart looked shocked, "Me?!"

Tallstar nodded. Tinyclaw stepped forward, "You can fight better than me or Tallstar because you are young, plus, this could be your chance to practice leading your clan,"

Fireheart nodded in respect, "Alright, than I shall lead," He turned to look at the rest of the WindClan cats, "Have you eaten?"

Tallstar nodded and told him about Ravenpaw's hospitality.

After a bit of planning, the cats soon set off to attack Tigerclaw and his rouges.

It didn't take long to reach twoleg place, they even quickly found the camp where Tigerclaw was staying.

Tinyclaw looked through a bush to see Tigerclaw speaking with a strange cat, "It's alright Mowgli, we will kill the ginger tom,"

Those words hit Tinyclaw like a rockfall, *They are out to kill Fireheart! Tinycla*w grew concerned for if they thought Jake was Fireheart and killed him. Tinyclaw shook the thought out of his head and focused on killing Tigerclaw. Tinyclaw's part of the plan consisted of Tinyclaw begging for Tigerclaw's help, once Tigerclaw said yes, it meant he would be off guard, then the rest would attack. Tinyclaw rolled in some dirt to make himself look like he was struggling. Tinyclaw took a deep breath and walked through the bush and into Tigerclaw's camp. Cats began growling and hissing at him, but not attacking. Tinyclaw was about to walk into the scariest battle of his life.

Chapter 21: The Tiger that Fell

Tinyclaw tried to ignore the hisses and growls from the rogues around him, he walked straight towards Tigerclaw.

Tigerclaw looked pleased to see Tinyclaw, "So you've decided to ditch Bluestar after what she has done?" he said with a grin.

Tinyclaw nodded, "I am leaving those weak ThunderClan cats to join you," Tinyclaw faked a growl, "She made Fireheart the deputy

instead of me!"

Tigerclaw looked shocked, "I never took you as an ambitious type," he said.

Tinyclaw faked a snicker, "Ha! She made a young warrior deputy! I am a senior warrior, that role belonged to me!" Tinyclaw felt himself actually becoming angry, but he let it flow because he needed to do the best acting he could, "I was her apprentice, she should have appointed me,"

Tigerclaw looked very pleased at what he was hearing, "I plan to take over ShadowClan and lead them," Tigerclaw sat down next to Tinyclaw and wrapped his tail around him, "You will be my deputy,"

Tinyclaw knew he had it in him to make an evil grin, in fact, most cats told him his smile looked evil. Tinyclaw pulled the best crooked grin he could, "I would get my chance to lead," Tinyclaw stared Tigerclaw right in the eye, "I want to be the one to kill Fireheart,"

Tigerclaw smiled and looked like he was legitimately pleased, "Good,"

Tinyclaw knew he had gained the trust of the cats around him, and that's when he did something that might haunt him forever. Tinyclaw reached around and sank his claws into Tigerclaw's throat; he yanked his paw down the dark tabby's belly. Tinyclaw noted that once again his paw was covered in blood and he could no longer see and white. Tigerclaw tried to yowl in pain, but instead began coughing and throwing up blood. Cats around started to close in on Tinyclaw.

"Fireheart! Now!"

Tinyclaw heard the other warriors rushing in, but he focused on killing Tigerclaw. Tinyclaw saw that Tigerclaw's guts began spilling from his body, they painted the ground red.

Tigerclaw fell to the ground, he looked up at Tinyclaw with round,

sad, and confused eyes. Tinyclaw couldn't look directly at the exiled warrior's eyes, he didn't want to see the betrayal written on them.

Tinyclaw heard Tigerclaw rasp out, "What are you doing? I thought you were my best friend,"

Tinyclaw leaned down and licked the cheek of the dying rogue, "I am, I love you, Tigerclaw," Tinyclaw felt himself become saddened, "I am sorry,"

Tigerclaw began to shake and convulse, his body went through multiple seizures before falling still. Tigerclaw was dead.

Tinyclaw looked around him, the rogues were fleeing. He noted most that Blackfoot stayed.

Blackfoot approached him calmly, "What will we do now?"

Tinyclaw felt sympathy for the white and black tom, "I will take you to ShadowClan and ask that they allow some of you back in."

Fireheart padded up to speak as well, "I don't know if that's a good idea,"

Blackfoot looked annoyed, "The code says the leader's word is law! I couldn't disobey Brokentail!"

Tinyclaw gave it much thought, he knew that if Bluestar had told him to kill another cat he wouldn't want to, but he would do it for her, "He is right, any ThunderClan cat would kill at Bluestar's word."

Fireheart glared at Tinyclaw, "Fine," he growled, "Do what you want, I'm done,"

Tinyclaw felt a pang of sadness as he watched the ThunderClan warriors and apprentices leave.

Tinyclaw looked around to see most of WindClan and his friends were not harmed too badly.

Tallstar approached Tinyclaw, "Are you seriously giving them a

second chance?"

Tinyclaw lowered his head, "They were following the leader's law,"

Tallstar made a face of deep thought, "Alright, I guess I can tolerate that, just be sure you kill Brokentail for us,"

Tinyclaw nodded awkwardly and watched the WindClan cats leave.

Ravenpaw and Barley looked very tired.

Tinyclaw approached them, "I don't think Jake would mind if you stayed at his den tonight,"

Barley nodded thankfully, "That would be nice,"

Tinyclaw rounded up his parents and Brindleface and they all headed off for Jake's den. Before they could leave, Blackfoot stopped them.

"I just wanted to be in my clan again, I love ShadowClan," he explained.

Tinyclaw remembered how the rogue had tried to steal his kits, but he didn't feel angered, Tigerclaw had told him to steal the kits. Tinyclaw realized that Blackfoot had been ordered to kitnap Bramblekit and Tawnykit, Blackfoot had made a mistake and grabbed Ashpaw and Fernpaw. Tinyclaw sighed, "I understand,"

Blackfoot looked sad, "You're serious about getting me back into ShadowClan?"

Tinyclaw nodded, "I know how you feel, I would kill to get back into ThunderClan,"

Blackfoot glanced at the dead body of Tigerclaw, "Isn't that what you did here?"

Tinyclaw glanced at his parents, he was surprised to see they were horrified at Tigerclaw's body, not proud. Tinyclaw turned to Brindleface who seemed to avoid his eyes, "No," he said, "That's not why I killed him," Tinyclaw flexed his muscles, "I killed him in

revenge for his treacherous acts; for killing Redtail,"

Brindleface stared at Tinyclaw with wide eyes full of surprise, "I thought you would hate Redtail,"

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I once loved Frostfur, but she didn't love me back," he explained, "I have felt love for two different cats in my life, and one of them is you. Redtail's death made you sad, I hated that, but I certainly do not hate Redtail,"

Jake stepped forward, "Yes, Brindleface, I too have felt love for multiple cats in my life: Nutmeg, Quince, and Tallstar,"

Tinyclaw spun around in confusion, "You fell in love with a tom?!"

Jake let out a growl, "Yes. Is there a problem with that?"

Tinyclaw shook his head, "I-I didn't mention it, but I loved Tigerclaw, you know, like a mate,"

Brindleface pushed herself into Tinyclaw purring, "I don't mind that at all, aside from the fact he killed my former mate,"

she purred, "I think it's completely okay for a tom to love a tom and a she cat to love a she cat,"

Tinyclaw felt a warmness spresd through his heart, "Thank you, I love you,"

Chapter 22: An Almost Safe Return

It had been a few moon falls since Tigerclaw was killed, and it was finally time for Tinyclaw to return to his ThunderClan home. That morning he gave a quick good-bye to his parents and left with Brindleface. As they walked farther and farther into ThunderClan, Tinyclaw felt strange, he had been away for a while and the territory smelled odd and looked odd, but despite that, he felt at home. He pushed through the bramble bushes and entered camp. He made a quick dash for Bluestar's den, not wanting to be seen. Just before he could enter, Fireheart stood at the entrence.

"What are you doing?" Tinyclaw asked, "I need to speak with

Bluestar!"

Fireheart shook his head, "she isn't doing well, I'm afraid"

Tinyclaw felt his heart sink, "She's dying?" he asked with a sad crack in his voice.

Fireheart made and awkward face, "No," he shrugged, "She's traumatised from what happened with Tigerclaw,"

Tinyclaw sighed, "He's dead now,"

"Yes, but it doesn't change how betrayed she must feel," Fireheart responded, guiding Tinyclaw to the fresh kill, "Relax and eat, I have you on an evening patrol,"

Tinyclaw nodded, he grabbed a vole and looked for Brindleface, he spotted her by the nurcery speaking with Ashpaw, Fernpaw, Goldenflower, and her kits. Tinyclaw padded over and layed down next to the fluffy golden she~cat.

"I know what happened to Tigerclaw," she mewed sadly, "It had to be done,"

Tinyclaw looked down at the queen's kits, Bramblekit and Tawnykit, realizing that he killed their father, "I am so sorry,"

Tinyclaw watched as Bramblekit tackled Ashpaw, the two tussled. Tinyclaw purred in amusement, poor Ashpaw was almost smaller than Bramblekit, but he kept up his fight. Fernpaw and Tawnykit layed by their mothers relaxing, "They played all night," Goldenflower laughed.

Tinyclaw purred, he was happy he and his best friend's kits were so close. Tinyclaw missed his parents already, but just seeing his kits playing and breathing the fresh forest air made him realize ThunderClan was his home and where he belonged.

Battles Worth Fighting

In this part there is a new evil arising, a cat makes a surprise visit to ShadowClan. An unheard of Clan makes and appearance and threatens the livelihood of every cat in the forest.

Chapter 23: Dogs

It had been a few moons since Tinyclaw had returned to his clan, he felt comfortable and safe. Tinyclaw woke up with a warm and happy feeling in his belly when Brindleface purred and cuddled closer to him. He nuzzled her neck and purred in return. He began to drift off back into a dream, but before long he was awoken.

"Hey Tinyclaw!" and older sounding voice called.

Tinyclaw blinked slowly and raised his head, "What is it?" he opened his eyes more clearly to see Whitestorm hovering over him.

"You said you would go hunting with me today, get your tail out of your nest and let's go!" Whitestorm commanded, poking Tinyclaw with his paw.

Tinyclaw grumbled out a sigh, "Fine," he got up quietly and slowly, being sure not to wake Brindleface. When they exited the warrior's den, they saw the camp was busy with cats.

Tinyclaw heard a voice calling and turned to see his daughter, Fernpaw rushing over, "Whitestorm! Whitestorm!"

Tinyclaw notice her face seemed very scared and worried, "What is it?" Whitestorm asked in a concerned tone.

"Swiftpaw and Brightpaw went to hunt down the dogs!" she panted.

"What?!" a voice hissed from inside the warriors' den, Longtail emerged with a look of worry on his face.

"Longtail, Tinyclaw, you two deal with this, I need to notify

Bluestar and secure the camp in case they lead the dogs back here!" Whitestorm commanded, not giving and time for a response as he dashed for Bluestar's den.

"What exactly happened?" Tinyclaw pressed, not wasting time.

"He said they wanted to prove to Bluestar they could be warriors and so they left for Snake Rocks!" Fernpaw reported with her voice trembling.

Longtail sounded very concerned, "Thank you, Fernpaw for telling us right away," turning to Tinyclaw, Longtail asked for instructions.

"Go tell Fireheart, I am going into the forest to find them and see if I can turn them around, bring a partol with you, we have no clue how many dogs there really are!" Tinyclaw commanded. Without question, Longtail raced to the medicine den where Fireheart was situated.

Tinyclaw wanted to say good bye to his daughter before he left, just in case he didn't come back, but he didn't have time to spare. Tinyclaw raced out of camp and towards Snake Rocks, he could follow the scent of blood clearly, knowing it was cat blood, he grew worried. He finally arrived at the rocks, seeing the large dogs, he didn't spare time to attack. Tinyclaw lunged forward, but found his fur got caught in a thorn bush, Tinyclaw scraped and pulled at his skin to come loose, and was forced to only be able to watch Swiftpaw and Brightpaw struggle.

Tinyclaw's blood ran cold when he looked up to see one of the dogs had an eye ball in it's jowls, *no... It's my fault they're dead....* Tinyclaw looked reluctantly down at the dog's feet to see Brightpaw laying on the ground motionless, one side of her face was red with blood, and where her eye should be was blacked out. Tinyclaw looked a bit to his right to see Swiftpaw was still alive. Tinyclaw tried to let out a yowl, but a thorn caught his throat and prevented him from making any noise. Swiftpaw fought blow for blow with the dogs, until one caught hold of his neck. The dog shook him violently and dropped his limp body on the ground. Once the dogs confirmed the two apprentices were dead they left. Tinyclaw heard paw steps behind him and became extremely scared that he was

about to meet his demise.

"Hold on," the voice said. Tinyclaw felt a cat's mouth wrap around his tail and pull him from the nest. He looked up to see Cloudtail, who had been made a warrior recently, standing over him, "Where are they?" he asked.

Tinyclaw raised his paw to point at the apprentices laying on the rocks, Cloudtail took off toward them in a heart beat. Tinyclaw pushed himself off of the ground, he winced at the pain in his pelt caused by him tugging at the thorns. Tinyclaw padded into the clearing carefully, he saw Longtail, Fireheart, Cinderpelt, Cloudtail, and Bluestar gathered. Longtail was touching his nose to Swiftpaw's face with his lengthy tail wrapped around the black and white apprentice. Cloudtail was staring in shock and horror at Brightpaw's body, Fireheart was leaning into him trying to ease his pain. Bluestar was staring at the lifeless bodies with the same expression she wore now a days. Cinderpelt sighed in relief, "Brightpaw is alive," she reported, "but just barely,"

"She should have been named a warrior," Cloudtail said in an annoyed tone while glancing at Bluestar.

Bluestar glared back, "I will name her a warrior now, and that will be the name she holds in StarClan," she said, "Brightpaw from this day forward will be known as Lostface, to show what StarClan have done to us,"

Tinyclaw stared at Bluestar in shock and disbelief, she had given a very cruel name to the injured warrior. Cloudtail growled at Bluestar, "How could you do that!? She has nothing to do with your quarrel with StarClan!" he hissed.

Tinyclaw looked over to see Longtail dragging the body of Swiftpaw back to camp, Cinderpelt touched her tail to Cloudtail's back, "We need to bring her back to camp and help her,"

Cloudtail didn't waste a moment before nudging Lostface to her feet and commanding Fireheart to help.

Tinyclaw followed the others away from Snake Rocks, he looked

behind him at the blood stained scene. He saw something that was alarming, two pairs of eyes, one green and one blue, glaring right at him. Tinyclaw blinked and shook his head, the eyes disappeared. He shrugged it off and went back to camp.

Chapter 24: Blood Means Everything

Tinyclaw woke up the next day, still feeling shaken about the death of Swiftpaw and the injury of Lostface, he had been closer to them seeing as they both trained alongside his own kits. Tinyclaw pushed out of the Warrior's den and headed straight for the fresh kill pile, he grabbed a vole and ate quickly. He got up and tried to exit camp without a cat noticing, he wanted to investigate the eyes he had seen the other day.

Tinyclaw had reached the fence that separated Twoleg place and the forest, he hopped up on the fence and scanned the area, nothing. He was sure this would be the hiding spot of an intruder. Tinyclaw was almost ready to jump down and go home, but the shaking of the fence caught his attention, he looked up to see two cats wearing dog tooth studded collars that made his blood run cold.

"Uh? What are you two doing here?" he asked in a semi hostile tone.

"Oh, we are just examining your dog slaying skills," one with green eyes replied.

The blue eyed one grinned, "It looks like you failed,"

"Ruby, Socks, I-" Tinyclaw let out.

"*Blood and Claw!*" Ruby hissed, "I am Blood!"

Socks hissed, "I am Claw!"

Tinyclaw sighed, "Fine then, Blood, Claw, I have no clue what you are talking about with slaying dogs,"

Blood chuckled with her tail swishing, "Do you not remember when you friend gave me this scar on my head and claimed you were a

dog killer?"

Tinyclaw growled, "He is dead now due to his stupidity,"

Claw tilted his head in confusion, "Who killed him?"

Tinyclaw narrowed his eyes, "Me,"

Blood laughed, "Tiny, you're too small to kill a cat that size!"

Tinyclaw hissed, "My name is Tinyclaw!"

Blood smiled, "Tiny"

Tinyclaw boiled over with rage, he lunged at Blood's throat, only to miss and fall off the fence when she moved to the side. Tinyclaw lost his breath when he slammed down on the forest floor, his vision was a bit blurry. He heard the voice of Blood mocking him, "Some dog killer!"

Claw followed, "I didn't think he was so clumsy!" Tinyclaw listened as the two stalked away, his heart sank.

Tinyclaw found it hard to lift himself to his feet, he felt like he could just lay there and never move again.

It had been some time since Tinyclaw had fallen, he had continued laying there with his mind in a whirl like leaves blowing in the wind. A sound caught his ears, his head flew up immediately to listen, he heard the yowl of a cat, a yowl far too familiar. Tinyclaw shot up and bolted through the forest, leaping over stumps and bushes, he stopped cold when he smelled fear scent and *blood.* He began to run again, he noted a bunch of dead rabbits layed on the forest floor, when he was near camp he saw a horrifying sight.

"Brindleface!" he yowled in agony.

Brindleface was laying still, her eyes showed she was furious before what had happened to her. Tinyclaw reached out his paw and closed her eyes, *Why? What did she do StarClan?* Tinyclaw layed down next to the her body which was still warm, he barely noted the her blood in his fur. He pushed his nose into her fur, breathing

in her familiar scent one last time, "I love you Brindleface," he sobbed, "Be well in StarClan,"

Tinyclaw pushed himself up and began to carry Brindleface to camp. He pushed through the bracken and found himself in the clearing. He set down Brindleface, he heard the worried gasps of his fellow clan mates. He looked over to see Fireheart padding towards him, "What happened?!"

Tinyclaw sank his head down in despair, "Blood and Claw happened,"

Fireheart narrowed his eyes, "Your kin?"

Tinyclaw nodded.

Tinyclaw heard the horrified meow of his son, "Mama!" he howled. Tinyclaw turned around and saw Ashpaw, Fernpaw and Cloudtail all cuddled next to their dead mother. Tinyclaw felt like he was dying inside, Brindleface meant the world to him, and now she was gone. Fireheart left and leapt up on High Rock, he yowled for a clan meeing.

"Cats of ThunderClan," he announced, "We need to evacuate the camp," Yowls of concern and confusion arose from every cat, "Elders and kits will exit from the back of the camp and head towards Sunning Rocks," he said. All of the elders, kits and queens headed for the back of camp and waited for further instruction.

"Warriors and apprentices, meet with me below Highrock and I will which of you to go with the others,"

All the cats did as he said, not wanting to question what was happening.

Tinyclaw turned towards Ashpaw, Fernpaw, and Cloudtail, "You three go with the elders, I don't want you to be hurt,"

Ashpaw let of a hiss, "No! I want to kill the cats who did this to my mother!"

Tinyclaw licked behind his son's ear, "Think about Fernpaw and I.

How would we feel if we lost you and Brindleface in one day?" Tinyclaw tried to persuade his son into leaving safely, he knew that his kits were a target for Blood and Claw.

Ashpaw stared up at his father with his sad, deep blue eyes, "Alright,"

Ashpaw, Fernpaw, and Cloudtail took off to the back of camp, "Fernpaw! Take care of your brother!" Tinyclaw yelled.

Fireheart asked Tinyclaw to join him and the other warriors, Fireheart layed out his plan to the warriors. After he was done every cat got to their right place. Tinyclaw and Fireheart headed for the water fall.

Once they head reached their destination, they waited for Sandstorm's signal to lead the dogs over the ravine and to their deaths. Once they heard the yowl of the brave she~cat they dashed toward the falls. Tinyclaw could feel the breath of one of the dogs hot on his tail, he looked to his side to see Fireheart in the same position. All of a sudden he saw Fireheart slip on some wet rock and fall down. Tinyclaw turned on a dime to help fight off the dogs while he got up. He saw one of the dogs pick up Fireheart in it's jaws and shake him like he was nothing but prey. Tinyclaw found himself being pushed toward the edge of the cliff, he tried to get past the dog but failed every time. Tinyclaw began to build up his courage and get ready to jump over the ravine, but one yowl saved his life.

"Stay away from him!" a she~cat's voice rang out. The dog trapping Tinyclaw snapped it's head towards the voice. Tinyclaw stretched to see Bluestar running at full tilt towards the dog with Fireheart in it's jaws.Tinyclaw burst out away from his trapper and raced toward Fireheart. He felt a mouth wrap around his tail, he saw that Bluestar was heading for Fireheart and not him and realized he needed to get away by himself. Tinyclaw wrapped around and clawed at the dog's eyes. The dog shrieked but didn't stop fighting. Tinyclaw ducked underneath the hound and clawed at it's belly. The dog wimpered and ran off toward Bluestar and Fireheart. He saw Fireheart was laying limp while Bluestar had three of the dogs right by the edge of the ravine. Tinyclaw watched in horror as the

dog that got away from him slammed into the ThunderClan leader and knocked both her and the dogs off of the edge, plummeting down to the rough water, Tinyclaw didn't waste time, he ran towards the ravine along side the deputy, Fireheart and leapt over the edge to save Bluestar. Tinyclaw had no time to worry about the ginger tom's whereabouts when he landed in the water, he had to focus on saving Bluestar. After a bit of thrashing in the water he heard Bluestar's voice, "Oakheart? Is that you?"

a second more muffled voice came from Fireheart, "No, Bluestar, it's me, Fireheart,"

his voice ended with a gag of water entering his mouth, Tinyclaw swam towards the voices, once he saw the blue and ginger pelts of his leader and deputy. He saw them get sucked down into an under water current. Tinyclaw just about gave up on his own life before he felt a mouth wrap around his scruff and pull him above the water. It had felt like no time had passed when he was layed out on the shore that smelled of RiverClan. His vision was blurry, but he could make out the pelts of four cats, one Bluestar, another was Fireheart, and the other two had one with fur just like Bluestar's and the other had gray fur.

Tinyclaw managed to push himself up and shake his head to clear his vision. He realized the two other cats were Bluestar's own kits, Stonefur and Mistyfoot. Tinyclaw padded over to see Bluestar layed down, her sides were barely moving.

She let out a rasp, "Stonefur, Mistyfoot, I couldn't be more proud of you," she had a coughing spasm with water exiting her lungs, "Please forgive me for giving you away. It was the only way,"

Stonefur and Mistyfoot had looks of sadness and thought. Fireheart broke in, "Please forgive her, she never wanted to get rid of you,"

Stonefur and Mistyfoot gave each other a look and seemed to speak with each other without words, Stonefur looked down at Bluestar and bowed his head in respect, "We forgive you" he said.

Bluestar smiled for the first time in moons, "Good," she heaved before laying her head on her paws. Tinyclaw watched as her

breathing slowed down, until she no longer moved at all. Fireheart crouched down next to the deceased leader, as did her two kits. Tinyclaw waited and looked around, he spotted two cats sitting on the bridge and watching the scene, to his surprise he saw Graystripe in a fighting stance keeping them away from the scene, this was proof that ever since his return to ThunderClan he had been loyal to his leader. Tinyclaw raced over reluctantly to face the cats on the bridge.

"You did this, you killed her," Tinyclaw growled at the two cats he immediately recognized as Blood and Claw.

Blood growled, "We meant to kill our half brother!" her tail was swinging back and forth.

Tinyclaw stared claws at his litter mates, "You are awful, you want to kill your own family?!" he felt his claws slip out from his paws, "I always knew you were just filth,"

Claw scratched his neck, moving his tooth studded collar about, "You seem to forget how you killed our friend and left us to starve,"

Tinyclaw glanced at Graystripe, seeing a look of horror splashed accross his face, but he still didn't let his ground go, "Tinyclaw did it for reason, you are wicked, evil cats and ThunderClan will take you down," the gray tom hissed.

Blood smiled, "Then let the games begin," he meowed before her and Claw ran off.

"Thank you Graystripe," Tinyclaw said bowing his head in gratitude.

"No problem," the large tom replied, "Is Bluestar okay?" he asked tilting his head.

Tinyclaw told Graystripe what happened.

"So Fireheart is the leader now?" Graystripe asked.

Tinyclaw nodded, "He is," Tinyclaw turned around to see Stonefur and Mistyfoot carrying Bluestar across the bridge.

Graystripe looked confused, "Why are they helping?" he asked, "Not that I have a problem or anything," he said after quickly realizing they were his former clan mates.

Mistyfoot responded with her voice flat, "I'm sorry, Graystripe, but it's none of your concern," Tinyclaw followed them home, he wanted to help carry Bluestar, but desided he wanted her kits to mourn for her. *StarClan has taken so much from me today. Could it be because I never listened to them when they told me to leave? Or is it that I never killed Ashpaw like they said? I don't want to go on without Bluestar and Brindleface, I don't know how.*

Fireheart cut in on Tinyclaw's thoughts, "I know what you're thinking," he said, "Bluestar and Brindleface would want you to be strong and care for your kits," he said, resting his tail on Tinyclaw's shoulder.

Tinyclaw forced a smile, "Thank you," he purred, "You're a good brother,"

Chapter 25: A New Leader, A New Name

Tinyclaw had just come back to camp from burying Brindleface and Bluestar, he had began to cheer up, knowing that they were now at peace in StarClan. Tinyclaw could only hope he would see them again. Fireheart was out with Cinderpelt, the medicine cat, getting his nine lives, he had left Whitestorm and he in charge. Tinyclaw really hadn't wanted to be in charge, he knew who Fireheart was going to choose as deputy, that cat was Whitestorm. Tinyclaw layed down in his usual spot, he began to get worried about ShadowClan and how he had left them. Nightstar was still leader, but he was barely holding on to his life. Blackfoot had returned to ShadowClan along with the other rouges. Tinyclaw realized that they needed to attend a gathering the next night, he was going to ask Firestar if he could go so he could check up on ShadowClan, for he worried about how they were doing often. Tinyclaw was ripped away of his thoughts when he smelled the scent of his half-brother enter camp. He flew up and padded over.

"Did you get them? Who did you see? What was it like?" Tinyclaw filled the ginger tom with questions.

Firestar laughed, "You sound like an apprentice!" he pointed out, "Yes, I have all nine lives. I saw Lionheart, Bluestar, Silverstream, Spottedleaf, Swiftpaw, Redtail, your mate, Brindleface; and plenty others."

Firestar touched his nose to Tinyclaw's head, "She said she loved you,"

Tinyclaw raised his head and smiled, "She did?" Tinyclaw felt surprised, he had figured she would get back with Redtail when she went to StarClan.

"She said she will wait a thousand moons for you if she has to," Firestar said, "She loves you just as much in death as she did in life,"

Tinyclaw bushed his face against Firestar's, "Thank you, thank you so much," he whispered.

Firestar rested his chin on Tinyclaw's shoulder, "Bluestar said she loved you too," he purred, "She said she was happy to raise you,"

Tinyclaw couldn't hold back a smile, he knew his family and loved ones were safe in StarClan, "This is the greatest gift one could give,"

Firestar nodded, "I want to hold a clan meeting to announce my deputy," he said, changing the subject.

Tinyclaw nodded, "I think I know which cat you're choosing," he stated, "You're going to name Whitestorm,"

Firestar nodded, "I also want to change the name of Lostface to Brightheart,"

Tinyclaw purred with a smile, "That is a perfect name,"

Firestar smiled back, "I also would like to ask you if you are happy with your name?"

Tinyclaw felt confused, "I beg your pardon?"

Firestar sat down and wrapped his tail around his feet, "Well, you still hold part of your kittypet name, and I know part of your name

was in honor of your friendship with Tigerclaw," the ginger tom explained.

Tinyclaw did always want to get rid of his kittypet name once and for all, "Alright,"

Firestar nodded, "What would you like your name to be?"

Tinyclaw thought for a moment, "I would like to be called Whitefoot, you know, because of my white paw,"

Firestar looked touched, "Very well, I will call the meeting now,"

At that Firestar went over to the Highrock and yowled for the clan to gather.

"Cats of ThunderClan," he called, "Today our previous leader joined StarClan, and today I got my nine lives," there were meows of approval coming from ThunderClan, "I would like to name our new deputy," Firestar said, he looked down towards a white tom with yellow eyes, "Whitestorm, I couldn't choose any cat more loyal, experienced, and as wise as you. I would like you to be my deputy," Firestar finished.

Whitestorm bowed in respect, "It would be my honor to serve as your deputy," he said, leaping up onto Highrock beside Firestar.

"I also would like to make a few name changes within the clan," Firestar announced, the clan began speaking to one another in confusion.

Tinyclaw looked over to the cat who would soon be known as Brightheart, she had her head down in embarrassment, she probably knew it was her name being changed. Tinyclaw began to feel excited, soon he would be Whitefoot and all connections to his kittypet life and Tigerclaw would be broken.

"Lostface, you are a brave she~cat an deserve a name reflective of that and not your looks," Firestar meowed, "Lostface, I would like to rename you to Brightheart,"

Lostface raised her head, she couldn't hold back a smile, "I would

love that, Firestar,"

The ginger leader nodded, "Then from this day forward you will known as Brightheart,"

The clan began to chant Brightheart's new name, Tinyclaw saw that Cloudtail and Cinderpelt were chanting the loudest.

Once all cats had calmed down Firestar began to speak again, "I would also like to rename Tinyclaw," he said, "His name carries part of his kittypet life and carries his former closeness to Tigerclaw,"

The clan began talking amongst themselves, some were in pity others were in confusion, "Tinyclaw, I would like to rename you to Whitefoot, in honor of your one white paw,"

Tinyclaw felt a smile grow on his face, "Thank you Firestar, I am honored,"

Firestar nodded, "From now on you will be known as Whitefoot,"

Whitefoot heard his clan mates around him chanting his new name, he had never felt more connected to his clan mates and his brother. Once the clan meeting was over, Whitefoot headed for his nest. He entered the warriors' den and a wave of sadness flooded over him, some of the cats he was ever close to didn't sleep with him in here any more, Bluestar had become leader and joined StarClan, Firestar now slept in the leader's den, Tigerclaw was dead, Rosetail and Thrushpelt had both joined StarClan, and his love, Brindleface had went to StarClan. Whitefoot layed down in his nest, today was a tiring day, he closed his eyes and let sleep encompass him.

Chapter 26: A Friend in The Night

It had been two moons since that night and Whitefoot opened his eyes to see the world around him was the world of the Dark Forest, he looked around himself wanting to know if Mapleshade was anywhere nearby. A familiar hiss put his fur on end, Whitefoot spun around to see Tigerclaw.

"You changed your name, Tinyclaw," he growled.

"My name is Whitefoot," Whitefoot corrected, "I have no wish for cats to think me connected to a traitor,"

Tigerclaw laughed, "You confessed your love to me!" his face turned serious for a moment, "Did you lie?"

Whitefoot shook his head, "I didn't,"

Tigerclaw looked confused, "Then why did you kill me and change your name?" he asked. Whitefoot recognized the extreme curiosity in the dark tabby's voice.

"I killed you because you hurt me," he said, "And you wanted to hurt my brother," Tigerclaw growled, "Those cats in BloodClan? If anything I would have teamed up with them!" he flexed his claws in annoyance.

"Not that brother," Whitefoot responded calmly, "Firestar is my half brother,"

Tigerclaw's face filled with surprise, "Really? That explains why he seemed so interested in you, you smelled just a little bit simular to him,"

Whitefoot narrowed his eyes, "I don't want you to forget what you did to Whitestorm and I," he flicked his tail in anger remembering the break down Whitestorm had a few moons ago.

Tigerclaw bared his teeth, "What is there to forget?" he growled.

"Whitestorm was devistated by finding out you killed Redtail," Whitefoot explained, "You two were basically siblings, we all were,"

Tigerclaw had a look of thought on his face, "Thistleclaw was basically my father, he was also the father of Whitestorm," he said half to himself.

Whitefoot felt a slight bit of sympathy when he saw a small look of regret on Tigerclaw's face, "Tigerclaw, both Lionheart and Whitestorm cared about you," he explained, "If you hadn't done what you did you would still be alive and watching Bramblepaw and Tawnypaw grow," Whitefoot closed his eyes and thought of his

own kits, "The quarter moon I was away from my kits was the saddest time of my life, I can't imagine how you feel,"

Tigerclaw looked like he was clearly still trying to look angry and tough, but that side of him was fading away as Whitefoot watched him have an inner battle with himself, "You're right, I love my kits," he said, "I just don't know how to be a good father,"

Whitefoot realized that even though Thistleclaw basically raised Tigerclaw, the brown tabby still never had a good father to take after. Whitefoot knew that his father figure was Thrushpelt, and his mother was Bluestar, he realized with sorrow that he had more of a family in a clan he wasn't born in then Tigerclaw did, "I promise to take care of them," he said, "Bramblepaw and Tawnypaw will grow up to be brave and loyal warriors you can be

proud of,"

Tigerclaw smiled, "Thank you," Tigerclaw looked up to the sky, "It's morning, could you ask Firestar to go on a patrol with you and Tawnypaw? You are her mentor right?"

Whitefoot nodded, "I am Tawnypaw's mentor,"

Tigerclaw nodded aswell, "Good, you, Firestar, Tawnypaw and Bramblepaw can go together"

Whitefoot turned around and said his farewells before he opened his eyes and found himself in the Warriors' den at ThunderClan. Whitefoot got up and stretched he felt very happy that Tigerclaw was still able to watch his kits grow. Whitefoot turned to his side to wake up Brindleface, "Brindle-" he said before realizing with a pang of sorrow that she was no longer going to wake up with him anymore. Whitefoot padded out of the den, trying to shake the saddness that lingered around him. He spotted Bramblepaw and Ashpaw talking by the freshkill pile while Tawnypaw and Fernpaw were tumbling around out side of the apprentices' den while practicing battle moves. Whitefoot felt a warm happiness flood out his sorrow when he saw how close Ashpaw and Bramblepaw were, he felt almost certain that nothing could come between them.

"Whitefoot! There you are!" he heard the voice of a she~cat come from his side. He turned to see Goldenflower padding in with fresh kill hanging from her mouth.

"Hello," he greeted her with a smile, "What is it?"

She sat down next to him and offered him some prey, he accepted it knowing that he had a rumble in his belly, "I just wanted you to know that I am happy you are training my daughter," she purred.

Whitefoot turned to her in confusion, "Why is that?" he asked.

Goldenflower smiled warmly at Whitefoot, "You're brave and noble," she said.

Whitefoot felt embarrassed, "Your daughter is a fine young warrior," he said trying to change the subject.

"She is," Goldenflower said while looking onto her kits with pride, "And so is her brother,"

Whitefoot heard the voice of his apprentice calling him, "Whitefoot!"

Whitefoot looked over, "Yes Tawnypaw?"

She looked very worried and concerned, "I need to talk to you," Tawnypaw was frowning.

Whitefoot looked over to Goldenflower with suspicion and got up to speak with his apprentice.

"I don't want to be in ThunderClan any more," she said.

Whitefoot felt a wave of shock rush over him, "I beg your pardon?!" he asked.

Tawnypaw looked to her feet, "You were able to release my father's memory, but I can't. I see the way other cats stare at me, they wonder wheather I will be like him," she looked back up to Whitefoot with round eyes, "I want to join ShadowClan,"

Whitefoot couldn't believe his ears, but he did understand what Tawnypaw was going through, "Are you sure?" he asked, hoping the question would change her mind.

"Yes, I am sure," she replied.

Whitefoot nodded, "Very well, it is your life and I wish not to steer you away from what you want," Whitefoot frowned, "I will speak with Nightstar at the gathering tonight about it,"

Tawnypaw nodded and thanked him before rushing off to grab some fresh kill.

Whitefoot felt a pang of sorrow as he watched his apprentice, the first apprentice he had since Firestar joined the clan. Whitefoot padded back over to Goldenflower and layed down, "You look like you just saw a cat die," she commented.

"I feel like a cat just died," he replied, not looking at the golden she~cat.

Whitefoot felt Goldenflower's fluffy tail run down his back, "What did Tawnypaw tell you?" she asked in curiosity.

Whitefoot turned to face her, "She wants to join ShadowClan,"

Goldenflower's face was shocked, "She does?" she exclaimed, soon calming down, "I understand why, she wants to escape her father's shadow,"

Whitefoot snapped his head up when he heard the sudden voice of Tawnypaw, "Join the shadow to escape the shadow," she said.

Goldenflower stood up and touched noses with her daughter, "I am not going to try and stop you, this is your life,"

Whitefoot felt warmed by their moment.

Tawnypaw looked down at Whitefoot, "You were a wonderful mentor," she said.

Whitefoot tried to fake a smile after the realization that he was now

too old to recive a new apprentice, he will have never trained a cat fully.

"I know that look, it's the same look you had when Firestar was given to Bluestar as an apprentice," Goldenflower meowed, "I know cats like you and I are too old to train individual apprentices, but we can work with the young to help them learn, you have done that all your life," she said.

Whitefoot smiled genuinely, "Thank you,"

Goldenflower excused herself and Tawnypaw to share a walk in the forest.

Whitefoot began thinking to himself when he realized it had been some time since he had spoken with Frostfur, who was now the mate of Whitestorm. He stood up and looked around camp for his old friend, he spotted her sitting outside the medicine den speaking with her daughters, Brightheart and Cinderpelt.

He padded over and gave her a warm smile, "Hello, how is this family?"

Frostfur let out a merrow of happiness, "We are good," she responded, "It's been awhile since we have talked outside of border patrols,"

Whitefoot laughed, "Yeah," he looked over to Brightheart, he was one of the few cats who didn't cringe every time they saw her face, he saw her true beauty in her bravery and loyalty, "How are you healing?"

Brightheart made an embarrassed smile, "I'm fine,"

Whitefoot felt a warm feeling in him, what Goldenflower had said about his closeness to every apprentice was true, he was friends with every cat in the clan because he always interacted with every cat he could, "That's good to hear," he said, "Hopefully you can return to your warrior duties soon,"

Brightheart frowned, "I doubt I will ever be a warrior,"

Cinderpelt shot her a surprised face through narrowed eyes, "You *will* be a warrior! Don't give up!"

Whitefoot nodded, "Your sister is right,"

Brightheart simply lowered her head with a smiled painted on her face.

Frostfur purred, "Regardless of either of your futures I will be proud of you," she licked the cheeks of both her daughters, "You both have made me proud already,"

Whitefoot hadn't felt so warm since Brindleface died.

Frostfur turned her attention back to Whitefoot, "So what is it you needed?"

Whitefoot smiled, "Nothing, just wanted a cat to talk to,"

Whitefoot could see the pity written on Frostfur's face, "I am always here," she said.

Cinderpelt butted in, "Brightheart and I are going to look for herbs with Cloudtail," she said with a smile before limping off.

Once they were gone Whitefoot narrowed his eyes at Frostfur, "You don't have to pity me,"

Frostfur frowed, "I am afriad the whole clan does," she replied.

Whitefoot looked up to the sky, noting rhat the sun had just passed sun high, "Why?"

Frosfur made a voice as though she couldn't believe he didn't know the answer to his question, "You've lost everyone," she pointed out, "Bluestar, Tigerclaw, your old family, Thrushpelt, Rosetail, Ravenpaw, Swiftpaw, Brindleface," the last name Frostfur let out wih hesitation, she too was upset over her sister's death.

Whitefoot frowned, "I still have you, Whitestorm, Cloudtail, Ashpaw, Fernpaw, and Firestar," he forced a smile on his face, "I find enough comfort in knowing my clan mates are safe in

StarClan," he admitted. Whitefoot knew he was lying, Tigerclaw was in the Place of No Stars.

"I have had a hard time seeing the good since Brindleface died and both my kits were injured," Frostfur admitted, "Luckily I have Cinderpelt to tell me what Brindleface has to say every half moon,"

Whitefoot cocked his head in confusion, "What?" he knew Cinderpelt had the ability to speak with StarClan, but he had never thought of asking her to speak with Brindleface.

"She's safe, and she says she really likes your new name," Frostfur told him. Whitefoot felt comfort knowing Brindleface approved of his choice to change his name, "I think it's about time you changed it, 'claw' at the end of your name just didn't fit you," Frostfur began grooming herself, "You're no softie when it comes to battle, that is true, but when it comes to kits and elders you are the most caring cat a clan could have,"

Whitefoot felt his skin warm up on his cheeks, he was embarrassed. Whitefoot then got scared. *Do I still have feelings for Frostfur?* He shook his head, *No, I lost those feelings long ago. I love Brindleface.*

"What are you thinking Whitefoot?" Frostfur asked.

Whitefoot smiled, "I am thinking about Brindleface and how I loved her,"

Frostfur smiled, "You are a good cat," she purred, "I am glad my sister was blessed to have a mate like you,"

Whitefoot smiled, "And I am glad to have a friend like you."

A voice called the two out of their conversation, "Whitefoot! Frostfur!" Whitefoot looked to his side to see Whitestorm padding up, "Would you two go on a partol with me?"

Whitefoot nodded, "I would love to,"

Frostfur smiled, "Me as well,"

Whitestorm smiled and padded agead of them towards the exit of

the camp, "Then let's go," Whitefoot and Frostfur followed their deputy into the forest, "There isn't much going on in ShadowClan as far as I know," Whitestorm reported as the cats headed towards Thunder Path.

Whitefoot looked at Whitestorm, despite the deputy's calm personality, he looked very concerned. Whitefoot assumed it was because his mother died on Thunder Path. Whitefoot never knew Snowfur, but from what Bluestar told about her she was a very kind cat and a good mother.

Whitefoot and the others soon arrived at the smelling path.

Chapter 27: A New Deputy

Whitefoot immediately saw a ShadowClan patrol across the Thunder Path, he noted that Nightstar was not amoung them. Whitefoot became prepared for an attack when they began crossing the path.

"Hello, Whitefoot," one of them greeted, Whitefoot recognized the warrior as Russetfur.

Whitefoot smiled, "Greetings,"

Russetfur looked around her anxiously, "We were hoping to see you here," she said.

Whitefoot was curious, why would ShadowClan want to see them, "What is it?"

Russetfur kept looking around her, she looked as though she didn't want to be seen, "Nightstar has bees in his brains!"

Frostfur stepped in and cocked her head, "You got all worked up over some gossip?"

Russetfur shook her head, "No! He has appointed this rougue we found on our territory as deputy!"

Whitestorm scowled, "Surely Nightstar isn't *that* mouse-brained?"

Russetfur shook her head, "He's not! The sickness has made the poor tom mad. This tom he appointed as deputy doesn't even have a warrior name, it's just Claw!" Russetfur continued looking around herself anxiously.

Whitefoot growled, "We know that cat, he is the one that sent the dogs on us and killed Bluestar!"

Whitestorm's voice rang, it was harsh, "That cat is no good! You need to get rid of him one way or another,"

Russetfur outstretched her claws when she heard a stick crack, she got into a fighting stance facing the ThunderClan patrol, she let out a whisper, "He's here, I am sorry, this has to be done," she flung herself at Whitestorm, she drew blood.

Whitefoot, not wanting to seem suspicious, lept on her back and ripped her off, he winked at her and then hissed, "Get off our territory!"

Russetfur winked back and hissed, "You haven't seen the last of ShadowClan, Whitefoot!" she then, after looking for monsters, bolted across the Thunder Path and into the bushes on ShadowlClan's territory.

Whitefoot turned to Whitestorm, "Are you alright? Did she hurt you badly?" he asked.

Whitestorm shook his head, "Nothing Cinderpelt can't handle,"

Frostfur rubbed up against Whitestorm, showing her protectiveness of him.

Soon after the cats returned to camp, Whitestorm had gone off to tell Firestar the news. Whitefoot sst down in the clearing before gulping down a mouse, he looked to the sky to see it was almost time to leave for the gathering.

Then the sadness of the fact he may lose his apprentice tonight struck him, Tawnypaw wanted to run away and be a ShadowClan warrior. Whitefoot then grew scared for her safety, he knew his brother was in ShadowClan, but he couldn't stop the apprentice

from leaving. *StarClan may have destined her to go there.* he thought, before remembering the dream he had when he was an apprentice where he beat a StarClan member, *Maybe if I had of listened Blood and Claw would be dead or Brindleface may be alive, or Bluestar wouldn't have died,* his possiblities were endless. Whitefoot put his head down in shame, he had always said he repected StarClan, but he had gone against their will twice, once for staying in ThunderClan and twice for not killing Ashpaw. Whitefoot looked over to his son, *If I had of listened all those moons ago and left ThunderClan, neither you are your sister would be alive. There was good in my choice.*

Whitefoot was pulled out of his thoughts when he heard Firestar yowl, this was the signal for the clan to gather at the exit of camp to get ready to leave. Whitefoot still felt funny not talking to Brindleface before he left, he looked around him to see his son, Ashpaw and his daughter Fernpaw. Whitefoot padded over to them, he now began to realize they were warrior aged, both being just a bit larger than him.

Ashpaw greeted him with a wave of his tail, "Hello, Whitefoot!"

Whitefoot smiled, "Are you two going to the gathering?" he asked.

Fernpaw nodded, "I am, but I um," she glanced over at a brown molted tom, "I want to go with Dustpelt,"

Whitefoot glance over at the warrior suspiciously, remebering how cruel he was to Firestar over being a kittypet and wondering if he would do the same to his half kittypet daughter, "Are you sure?"

Fernpaw frowned, "If he treats Ashpaw right then he will treat me right!"

Whitefoot smiled and nodded his head, "Very well, I guess every father has to let go at some point,"

Fernpaw licked Whitefoot's cheek and ran over to Dustpelt, Whutefoot looked at Ashpaw with suspicion, "He *does* treat you right, right?"

Ashpaw let out a slight laugh, "Yes he does, we *are* half clan cats,"

Whitefoot nodded, "I suppose," he said looking longingly at his daughter, hoping for her to come back to him, "Tell me Ashpaw, do you think it wrong if I were to speak with Dustpelt?"

Ashpaw looked cautious, "Why?"

Whitefoot smiled, "Just to tell him to treat my daughter well,"

Ashpaw was about to respond, but Firestar inturrupted and lead the clan out and towards Four Trees.

Once they reached the gathering they saw ShadowClan were the first ones to arrive. Whitefoot felt alarmed when he didn't see Nightstar. Whitefoot searhed frantically before noticing a black and white tom standing on High Rock. *Claw!*

Claw jumped down from the rock and approached Whitefoot, "I hear you changed your name again," he said in a calm reserved tone. Whitefoot felt, oddly, not very angry or scared. He was surprised to see his brother speakig to him in this calm manner.

Whitefoot nodded, "Uh, yes I did. I am now known as Whitefoot," he noted the suspicious glances from his clan mates.

"I also hear your dear mate join StarClan, may her soul rest in peace," Claw said.

Whitefoot cocked his head in confusion, "You believe in StarClan?" he asked.

Claw laughed, "What? But of course! How else would I get my nine lives?"

Whitefoot felt his heart shatter and sink, he couldn't search for words to answer that response, *He has nine lives?!* Whitefoot calned himself quickly, "I am very proud of you my brother,"

Claw gave a smirk Whitefoot knew all too well, "We shall see, Tiny!" the ShadowClan leader spun around and leapt up the leader's rock.

Whitefoot saw Firestar hlaring claws at the ShadowClan leader.

All of ThunderClan was glaring at Claw, they knew what he had done, they knew where he was from, and they knew thay needed to get rid of him.

Whitefoot was glaring at Claw as well, until the sound of cats coming near caught him, he could smell WindClan. He turned around to see all of the WindClan cats spread about at they came in. Tallstar approached Whitefoot, "Greeti-" his voice cut off as he looked up to see Claw standing on High Rock, "Who is that?"

Whitefoot turned around and growled, "Claw,"

Tallstar sounded confused, "You mean Clawstar, right?"

Whitefoot turned to face Tallstar again, "No, he said he got his nine lives, but he is still Claw,"

Tallstar glared at the ShadowClan cats, "How could they allow this? Why would StarClan give him his lives?"

Whitefoot shrugged, "I do not know,"

Tallstar shook his head and sighed, "Tonight is going to be a long night," he said before stalking off to High Rock.

RiverClan soon arrived and Leopardstar took her spot with the leaders, she didn't look the least bit confused about the ShadowClan leader.

Firestar yowled to start the meeting.

Every cat in the clearing quited their chatter. Firestar stepped forward to speak but was rudely interrupted by Claw, "Hello fellow forest cats, I am Claw, leader of ShadowClan!" he said with a crooked smile. Whitefoot heard cats raise their voices in confusion as to why he didn't have a leader name, "Yes, yes, I understand your chatter my friends," he said slyly, "I see myself as your equal, and I will not take a leader's name," he then smirked and glared at Firestar, "Unlike Rusty here, I respect you puny mice,"

Whitefoot felt enraged, he hissed at Claw, "We are not mice! You may have spoken to cats like that in BloodClan, but you won't treat my friends like prey!" Whitefoot stared down his brother through slits in his eyes, "We are not prey!"

Whitefoot could hear yowls of approval from every clan rise from around him, Claw's tail was lashing, "Shut up! All of you!" his command quickly quited the riot of cats.

Firestar looked as though he was struggling to keep calm, "Claw, Whitefoot is right, meetings are for peace and to report happiness within your clan, not to hurdle insults at warriors," he said with the tip of his tail twitching.

Whitefoot could see Claw had realized he wasn't helping himself by doing this, "Terribly sorry, Firestar," he said through gritted teeth.

Whitefoot immediately turned around and stalked over to Tawnypaw, "I am sorry, you can't join him,"

Tawnypaw shook her head and frowned, "I can and I will, look at ShadowClan, they need help, I can help them!" she stated.

Whitefoot felt uneasy, he looked the ShadowClan cats and remembered what Russetfur had told him about Claw and how scared she was of him, "You're right," he finally brought himself to say, "If we have you on the inside of ShadowClan we will be able to bring down Claw faster," he sighed before licking his apprentice's head, "I will miss you,"

Tawnypaw nodded and said her goodbyes before leaving to speak with Russetfur about joining ShadowClan, Whitefoot felt his heart sink when she reached the ShadowClan cats, he had never been worried so much in his life.

He turned around and went to go sit by Goldenflower, who was listening to Leopardstar intently as the leader announced Mistyfoot's kits becoming apprentices.

Goldenflower let out a purr when she saw Whitefoot. He settled down next to the large she~cat.

Firestar began to announce and when he finished Whitefoot heard Claw hiss, "You're not going to mention the death and mauling of your apprentices?"

Firestar stared at Claw through slitted eyes, "And how would you know about that?"

Claw let out a slight laugh, "I can see you are missing a cat, and half a cat's face,"

Frostfur let out a hiss from behind Whitefoot to protect her daughter, "You sent those dogs to hurt my kit!"

Claw glared at Frostfur, "One cannot train dogs, they are mindless fools,"

Frostfur growled, "Those dogs were speaking cat tongue," she looked over to Brightheart, "Tell everyone what they said,"

Brightheart looked uneasy, but Cloudtail wrapped his tail around her and encourged her to speak, "Pack, Pack, kill, kill"

There was a commotion within the clans, cats who were terrified and cats who were angry.

Claw's tail swished around violently, "ShadowClan! We are leaving!"

Claw leaped off of the rock and rushed out of the clearing, almost leaving his clan behind. Whitefoot watched in despair as he watched his former apprentice leave, he smelled the air trying to get just one last memory of her.

Whitefoot felt a cat brush up on his side, he turned to see the beautiful she cat he had recently spent most of his time with, Goldenflower, "Tawnypaw knows what she is doing," she said trying to comfort Whitefoot.

He lowered his head, "She is only a kit! How can you be so calm about your daughter leaving?" Whitefoot could hear his voice cracking from the emotion he was in.

"I am scared, I don't want it to happen." Goldenflower lowered her

head, "I am letting her do it to avange Brightheart, Bluestar, and Brindleface," Goldenflower's voice was cracking as well, "Swiftpaw," Whitefoot could feel her shaking in fear, "At times like these we cannot risk a cat such as Claw coming to power,"

Whitefoot felt oddly comforted by what Goldenflower said, it made him feel very proud of his apprentice. He grew even more angry at the memory of Brindeface dying, *It was Claw who killed her!*

"You're right, Tawnypaw is a strong she~cat," Whitefoot sighed, "I just worry about her because she is my kits' friend and almost like a daughter to me,"

Goldenflower let out a chuckle, "I remeber when she was a kit and called you 'daddy'!" Goldenflower was smiling, she jerked her head up when she heard Firestar call for the clan to leave the gathering.

Whitefoot and Goldenflower got up and followed Firestar out of the clearing.

Chapter 28: Sunfall

Whitefoot woke up calmly that morning, he still felt the pang in his heart as he had for a while now when he didn't see Brindleface laying next to him.Whitefoot got up and stretched, he shook his head. When he did he found his ears perk when they heard yowling. He burst out of the warriors' den immediately to see who was yowling, he ran into the clearing to see ThunderClan gathered around a whitecat. Whitefoot pushed through the crowd and beside Firestar and Whitestorm.

Whitefoot saw that the cat standing in the clearing was Blackfoot, ShadowClan deputy and his leader, Claw. Blackfoot growled almost reluctantly, "You will meet us at sunfall at Four Trees for a meeting,"

Claw nodded, he looked very calm and collected, "If you refuse we will destroy you,"

Whitefoot growled back, knowing Firestar would never accept an offer such as this, "You killed our leader, an innocent kit, and my

mate; not to mention the injury of a very good cat," Whitefoot swished his tail, "We wouldn't be stupid enough to join you," Whitefoot used the word 'stupid' because he knew that's what they used where he came from.

Claw glared at Whitefoot, "You are not the leader of ThunderClan, you do not make those calls," Claw turned to Firestar, "I will wait for you to punish him,"

Firestar remained calm, "I will not punish a warrior who is dignified enough to speak for his clan, he knows we are all willing to kill you if it means our freedom, I refuse to punish a warrior for using his intelligence,"

Blackfoot looked uneasy; he looked as though he could see a blood infested furutre, "We should leave Claw, Runningnose will wonder what has become of us,"

Claw snapped his head to the side in a raging fury, "Do not tell your leader what to do!" he hissed before swiping his claws across Blackfoot's face.

Whitefoot heard Cinderpelt's voice, "Stop that!" she called before stepping between Claw and Blackfoot, "You will never gain the trust of your warriors doing that!" she hissed before bending over to see how badly Blackfoot was hurt.

Claw looked like he was about to hurt the medicine cat, but instead desided to address Firestar again, "I apologize for my warrior's behaviour,"

Firestar didn't respond, instead he let gis eyes bore into Claw like thorns.

Whitefoot brushed beside Claw and whispered in his ear, "Respect your warriors," he said, "You may have done this in BloodClan but here cats won't put up with that abuse,"

Claw looked wearily at Whitefoot, "I'm not doing this by choice," he said anxiously, "If I don't, Ruby will have my head,"

Whitefoot was confused, "She is going to kill you?"

Claw gulped and nodded before turning to Firestar again, "I bid you farewell, good luck with future endeavors Firestar, Whitefoot,"

Firestar narrowed his eyes, "You aswell, safe travels,"

Claw and Blackfoot turned and exited the camp, Firestar immediately turned to Whitefoot, "Follow them, make sure they are gone,"

Whitefoot nodded and left immediately.

Whitefoot felt stange following his brother, he didn't really know how Blood scared him so much. He crouched down when he smelled the ShadowClan cats. Whitefoot watched them, to his surprise they stopped suddenly, "Do you smell that?" Claw asked.

Blackfoot shook his head "We are in a strange territory, I can't smell anything but ThunderClan,"

Claw Was llooking around curiously, "I have a sensitive nose, I can smell a ThunderClan cat near by,"

Claw turned around and faced Whitefoot directly, fortunately Whitefoot was hidden in the brush, "This way,"

Blackfoot sighed, "Firestar likely has warriors watching us to make sure we don't take any prey,"

Claw sniffed the air again and grinned, "Not just any warrior," he took a few steps closer to Whitefoot's hiding place, "Tiny-Whitefoot,"

Whitefoot sighed and pushed out from his hiding spot, he sat down and wrapped his tail around himself to keep warm in the cold snow, "Firestar sent me to make sure you get off our territory safely,"

Claw laughed, "Or to make sure we don't steal prey," he narrowed his eyes at Whitefoot, "Don't you trust me?"

Whitefoot shook his head, "No," he felt a pang of sadness, "You killed the love of my life and the cat who raised me," Whitefoot flexed his claws, "I could never trust you,"

Claw shook his head, "Blood made me!"

Whitefoot growled, "If Blood told me to kill innocent cats, I wouldn't do it even if it meant she would kill me,"

Claw didn't seem to have a look of guilt on his face at all, "No cat is truely innocent,"

Whitefoot hissed at the black and white leader, "Get off my territory!"

Claw frowned, "You don't want to fight me,"

Whitefoot growled while baring his teeth, "I do and I will," Whitefoot hissed again, "I am from ThunderClan and I will protect my clan at all costs,"

Claw rolled his eyes, "Blackfoot, take him out,"

Blackfoot looked surprised, he glanced at Claw who was noticeably smaller, "No, I-I cant,"

Claw glared up at Blackfoot, "What?"

Blackfoot looked up at Whitefoot, "He helped me join my clan again, I would be a low life rouge if not for him,"

Claw growled, "Then I guess Russetfur will not live to see another day," he said with a slight grin.

Blackfoot looked conflicted, he finally took out his claws and whispered, "I am sorry Whitefoot," Blackfoot flung himself at Whitefoot, barreling him over.

The weight of Blackfoot began to grow more and more difficult for Whitefoot to handle, "Blackfoot please!" he howled

Once Whitefoot realized there was no way to get Blackfoot to stop crushing him, he decided it was time to fight.

Whitefoot brought up his hind legs an raked Blackfoot's belly, he felt the blood spatter on his fur.

Blackfoot jumped off of Whitefoot, trying to conceal his belly from any more exposure.

Whitefoot hurdled himself at Blackfoot with his claws outstretched he swiped over the white deputy's face, Blackfoot hissed in pain before leaping at Whitefoot's exposed belly and slamming him on the ground, Whitefoot managed to roll out from underneath Blackfoot, soon a thought occured to him, *Blackfoot is out to kill me to save Russetfur.* *Whitefoo*t realized if Blackfoot didn't win this battle, Russetfur would die and the subject that started this fight would occur; the death of innocent cats. Whitefoot knew if he didn't die in this fight, Russetfur would be killed. Whitefoot lifed up his head to expose his neck to Blackfoot, he was going to sacrifice himself. Blackfoot just about took a swing at the black warrior before there was a hiss for the fight to stop. Whitefoot opened his eyes to see Claw had pinned down Blackfoot.

Claw looked up at Whitefoot, "You- you were going to sacrifice yourself?"

Whitefoot nodded, "I don't want an innocent cat like Russetfur to be killed because of me,"

Claw had a look of deep thought spread across his face, "Blackfoot, we are leaving, you need to see Runningnose and Littlecloud,"

Blackfoot and the ShadowClan leader padded away, Whitefoot stared after them in shock, he couldn't believe Claw actually was moved by his sacrifice.

Whitefoot turned around and padded back to camp so he could have Cinderpelt look at his wounds.

Once Whitefoot reached camp a crowd of cats gathered around him, they were all asking questions about his wounds.

Whitefoot ignored them and headed straight for the medicine den.

Whitefoot pushed through the lichen and into the medicine den to see Cinderpelt and Brightheart tending to the herbs.

Cinderpelt immediately turned to see him and grabbed cobweb to

stop the bleeding.

"What happened to you?" she asked worriedly as she wraped his wounds in cobweb.

"Claw stuck Blackfoot on me," he replied, wincing at the pain of the herbs on his injuries.

Brightheart growled from the other side of him, "How could Blackfoot do that?!" she exclaimed, "You got him back into ShadowClan!"

Whitefoot frowned and wondered about what Claw had said, "He said he would kill Russetfur, Blackfoot's closest friend, if Blackfoot didn't kill me,"

Cinderpelt's head flew up in shock, "What is he going to do to her?! You're alive!" she pointed out.

Whitefoot felt his heart sink, "That I do not know, perhaps she will be spared because Blackfoot attacked me," Whitefoot stood up, "I need to alert Firestar of this threat,"

Brightheart cocked her head, "What threat?"

Whitefoot turned and stared into Brightheart's eye, "If he is willing to kill his own, he will slaughter us,"

Chapter 29: A Time of Great Darkness

Whitefoot padded along the ShadowClan border along side Brackenfur, the two were keen to see if Russetfur would be there.

Whitefoot looked across the thunder path and was not all too surprised to see eyes bearing into him, "I can see you there, come out" he called.

Two cats stepped out from the bushes, Whitefoot couldn't believe what he was seeing, the cats on ShadowClan territory that were watching him were Leopardstar and Piketooth, RiverClan warriors.

"You seem very shocked," Leopardstar growled.

Whitefoot narrowed his eyes, "What are you doing there? Claw will kill you,"

Piketooth shook his head, "We are a part of his Clan," he said looking behind him as another cat emerged from the bushes, "ClawClan,"

Whitefoot felt his legs shake and almost fall from beneath himself, this was why Leopardstar wasn't surprised to see Claw at the gathering; she had alligned herself with him, "But, you cant do that!"

Leopardstar growled, "I am a leader with nine lives, I make the choices for my clan as I see fit," the she~cat's tail was twitching, "Russetfur, Blackfoot, come out,"

Whitefoot watched as Russetfur and Blackfoot emerged from the ShadowClan bushes, he felt a wave of relief to see Russetfur was alive. Blackfoot tried to avoid Whitefoot's eyes, he didn't want to look the ThunderClan warrior in the face after what he did. Russetfur let out a meow, it sounded confident, but the look on her face suggested she was terrified, "That's right, Leopardstar and Claw have joined together to make one big clan known as ClawClan,"

Brackenfur bristled beside Whitefoot, "That was mouse-brained!"

Leopardstar was flexing her claws, she looked more anxious then angry, "ClawClan stands for the code, and that is why we are killing all half-clan cats,"

Whitefoot felt his heart drop, it felt as though time had stopped in that very moment, he began to worry about his friends Mistyfoot and Stonefur in RiverClan as well as Graystripe's kits.

Leopardstar spoke again, "And outsiders other than Claw himself,"

Brackenfur let out a concerned meow, "You have plenty pf half-clan warriors: Graypool, Mistyfoot and Stonefur, and Featherpaw and Stormpaw. It would mouse-brained to kill them!"

Leopardstar let out an arrogant responce, "Every cat in our clan against the code,"

Whitefoot cocked his head, "Even you?" he asked, "You're the daughter of a medicine cat,"

Leopardstar swished her tail back and forth, "None of that matters!"

Blackfoot turned to Leopardstar, "we mustn't battle now," he said while glacing at Whitefoot, "Claw doesn't want him dead yet," Blackfoot narrowed his eyes at Whitefoot while giving a slight wink.

"That's right Leopardstar," another voice said as the black and white tom known none other than Claw walked out, "I want to make a preposition, Whitefoot,"

Whitefoot could smell fear scent on Brackenfur, he knew Brackenfur wasn't ready to battle all of these cats seeing as he was such a young warrior, "What might that be, Claw?"

Claw stepped closer to Whitefoot, "Join me, I saw how you can fight despite your size, I want a cat like you to help me rule the forest,"

Whitefoot felt his heart sink, if he said yes he would be betraying his clan, if he said no, both he and Brackenfur would be killed, "We shall see, I will think about your offer, meet me at Four Trees alone tonight and if I am not there my answer will have been no,"

Brackenfur looked up to Whitefoot nervously, "You're seriously going to think about this?" he asked in a surprised tone.

Whitefoot nodded and turned around to go back to ThunderClan camp, "Come now, Brackenfur, we must return to camp," Whitefoot pushed through the bushes leading onto ThunderClan territory, not wanting to stay near ShadowClan any longer, he could hear Brackenfur keeping close behind him. Once he knew they were far enough away that Claw would not hear them, Whitefoot spoke, "I am going to Four Trees tonight,"

Brackenfur swept in front of Whitefoot with a hiss, "You're choosing to betray us?!"

Whitefoot sat down calmly, "No, I am choosing to go undercover, I will go in and make them weaker," Whitefoot looked to the sky, "I

also want to see Tawnypaw," he shook his head and looked back at Brackenfur, "Plus, he will stop at nothing to kill every ThunderClan cat if I don't,"

Brackenfur sighed, "You're right," he said, "Let's get back to camp and tell Firestar,"

The two toms hurried to camp.

Chapter 30: Bad News is Music

Whitefoot and Brackenfur made it to camp in time to catch Firestar before the leader left to train his apprentice, Bramblepaw. Whitefoot rushed up to the firey tom, "Firestar," he said, "I need to talk to you, it's urgent,"

Firestar looked at Bramblepaw and told the apprentice to wait for him, he then led Whitefoot to his den and sat down, "What seems to trouble you, Whitefoot?" he said while looking intently at the black warrior.

"Claw asked me to join his clan," he said, "And I am going to do it so I can weaken them from the inside and check on Tawnypaw,"

Firestar nodded, the ginger tom padded closer to his brother, "I trust you to do the right thing," he said, "You may go,"

Whitefoot nodded and licked behind Firestar's ear, "Thank you, I promise I will bring them down and-" Whitefoot didn't get to finish his sentence before Firestar inturrupted.

"Survive," the young leader said, he looked up at Whitefoot, "Just promise me you won't be brave, promise me you are going to live,"

Whitefoot felt his heart sink realising he was going to be leaving his kits and every cat he ever came to love by joining ClawClan, "I promise," he said with a sigh, "I don't want my kits to be orphans,"

Firestar nodded, "And I don't want Claw to be my only brother," he said sternly, "If you die I swear I will go to StarClan and throw a stick at you,"

Whitefoot laughed, "Alright, alright!" Whitefoot turned to go get some fresh kill "I wouldn't want to have a stick in my fur,"

He heard a young voice call him though, "Whitefoot!" he turned to see it was Bramblepaw who called him, "Just be sure Tawnypaw is safe please,"

Whitefoot looked at the apprentice with pity, he had lost his father and now his sister, Whitefoot felt to blame for both, seeing as Whitefoot let Tawnypaw leave and he killed Tigerclaw, "I will do everything in my power to ensure your sister's safety,"

Bramblepaw looked sad, "I know that look you have on your face," he mewed, "You're feeling guilty for killing my dad," Bramblepaw rushed up to Whitefoot and pushed his head into his fur, Whitefoot noted that Bramblepaw was bigger than him, "I love you like you are my father, not Tigerclaw,"

Whitefoot licked the top of the brow tabby's head, "I am glad to hear that," he then laughed, "Does this mean I have four kits in this clan?"

Bramblepaw laughed, "Me, Cloudtail, Ashpaw, and Fernpaw, right?"

Whitefoot nodded and then prodded the apprentice with his paw, "You go along with Firestar now,"

"Alright!" Bramblepaw responded happily before rushing over to his mentor.

Whitefoot watched as Bramblepaw and Firestar walk out of camp, he felt a twinge of envy that he no longer had his apprentice, and that he had never actually had a proper apprentice become a warrior. He shook his head and reminded himself that he helped mentor almost every cat younger than him in the clan. He felt pride for his clan swell over him, he no longer wanted to be leader, deputy, or any other cat of power, he was Whitefoot, the foster father of the entire clan.

Chapter 31: Whitefoot the ShadowClan Cat

Whitefoot looked to the sky and saw that it was his time to leave,

he had already said good bye to all of the cats he wanted to, fed himself, and eaten herbs for his journey. He padded over to the exit of the camp and looked over his shoulder one last time as his clan mates who were huddled in the clearing, keeping warm, and watching him go. He waved his tail good bye and watched as some cats waved back while others closed their eyes, not wanting to watch him leave. He had never felt more at home then this, he now knew how much his clan really loved him. He pushed out of the camp, not wanting to upset his clan mates more than what they already were. He walked through the forest, making his paw steps light and fast to avoid the frost freezing his toes. His journey to four trees felt as though it was taking a life time, though he couldn't tell if it was an illusion for he was just dragging his paws. He finally reached the edge of the forest and to the open area leading to four trees. He now began to run over the hills to make up for lost time. He enjoyed the run, but he couldn't help but feel pain in his chest from breathing the cold air. He continued to dash though, keeping a steady pase to avoid any more pain in his chest.

He finally reached four trees. He pushed through the bushes surrounding them and quickly saw his brother standing in the clearing. He waved his tail to say hello, and was surprised to see Claw was almost happy to see him, *Probably because he finally gets what he wants, me.*

"Hello, Claw," he said blandly.

Claw flicked his tail slightly in annoyance that Whitefoot wasn't more happy, "Greetings, dear brother," he said with only a slight tinge of happiness.

Whitefoot looked behind the ShadowClan leader and saw Blackfoot and Russetfur standing behind him, "Hello to you two as well," he called.

The ShadowClan warrior and the deputy gave slight smiles and nods as greetings.

"Are you ready to go home to ShadowClan?" Claw inturrupted, his green eyes flaring with excitement.

Whitefoot gulped, he didn't want to say yes, he forced himself to remember Tawnypaw and how she needed him, "Yes I am,"

Claw tilted his head in confusion, "Why did you hesitate?"

Whitefoot bowed his head, speaking solemnly, "I was raised in ThunderClan, Claw, they were my family growing up, it is hard to leave them," Whitefoot actually felt good about telling Claw the truth on why he hesitated.

Claw growled, putting his paw out and raising Whitefoot's head up, "And I am not your family?"

Whitefoot shook his head, "You are, but they are important to me. But I see a brighter future in ShadowClan for myself then I do there," he admitted, feeling almost guilty knowing it was true, "It is the rational decision to join you,"

Claw blinked with surprise, he then began to pad away with his warriors following him, before he reached the bracken surrounding the clearing he stopped and looked back, "Shall we?"

Whitefoot nodded and hurried after his new clan mates. He was very surprised on how calm that meeting was, he didn't know exactly how to handle what happened. He had expected more violence. Then again, Claw was never really that violent as a kit, just cruel in his ways, Blood was the violent one. Whitefoot shook his head, a little bit confused on why this was all happening. If he had never become a clan cat, Blood and Claw would have never risen to power.

"What made you say yes?" he heard Russetfur whisper beside him. She was slightly rubbing up against him as the trotted along.

He looked at her with pity, "You and Tawnypaw," he admitted.

She cocked her head in confusion, "Me?" she asked, "Why me?"

Whitefoot sighed, letting out a cloud from his mouth, "I saw how scared you were at the border," he explained, "I *heard* how scared you were,"

Russetfur brushed her face up to Whitefoot's and ran her tail down his spine in thankfulness, "I am so glad to hear that you are still the Whitefoot I know," she whispered, "I was worried you were doing this for more power,"

Whitefoot smiled, and then took a serious tone, "Don't let Claw hear that," he looked to his side at the red furred she~cat, he noticed how close they were together and a flood of memories of him and Brindleface doing the exact same thing flew into his head. He breathed in her scent, it burned his nose to smell a ShadowClan cat so close to him.

Russetfur nudged Whitefoot with her shoulder, "What's up? You look upset,"

Whitefoot shook his head and stuttered, "I-it's just that it has been so long since any cat has gotten this close to me," he breathed out, "The only ones where jist for slight moments, or from family, I haven't had any cat do this since, since Brindleface," he heaved, stepping slightly away from Russetfur.

Russetfur stepped away as well, "I am sorry," she said, "I can't imagine you would want to do that with a cat serving under the cat who killed her,"

Whitefoot snapped his head towards her, "He would never admit it, you don't know for sure," he replied with a slight growl.

She shook her head, "He said he had nothing to admit, only something to boast about, and that's what he did,"

Whitefoot felt his heart drop, Brindleface was a prize to Claw. Claw didn't feel guilty at all. The good cat act was so worn now. Whitefoot's thoughts became more and more jumbled. "He caused Bluestar's and Swiftpaw's deaths, injured Brightheart, and murdered Brindleface," he reminded himself aloud.

A voice caught his attention, "Hey, are you having second thoughts?" he lifted his head up to see Blackfoot had slowed down to speak with he and Russetfur.

Whitefoot shook his head, "No, I need to see Tawnypaw,"

Blackfoot laughed, "That'd be why you even joined us!" he flicked Whitefoot's nose with his paw lightly, "Tawnypaw is in the safest paws we could find,"

Whitefoot looked inward at Blackfoot, "Why?"

Blackfoot looked uneasy about answering the question, but Russetfur broke in very quickly with a triumphant mew, "Because Claw knew you'd be mad if we didn't, and I saw how scared she was and wouldn't let her be the apprentice of a bad cat," she sounded veey happy that Claw had considered Whitefoot's feelings when choosing Tawnypaw's mentor, mostly because that meant there was hope for ShadowClan to return to the greatness it once had.

Claw had slowed down and approached his clanmates, "I heard my name, did I?" he asked suspiciously.

Whitefoot nodded, "You did, they were telling me how you gave Tawnypaw a good mentor out of fondness for me and the kindness of your heart," he kept a straight face, not wanting Claw to catch onto the fact he was lying.

Claw grunted, "Hmph, whatever,"

Chapter 32: Tawnypaw

Whitefoot was finally at ShadowClan camp, he was overly pleased to finally have an oppertunity to lay down and rest, but a tinge of blood smell and prey caught his nose. He ignored it and went looking for Tawnypaw, he wanted her to see him and see he had come to help her.

He looked to his side to see a brown tom eyeing him carefully. Whitefoot approached the tom, "Hello, I am Whitefoot,"

before Whitefoot could ask the tom's name the brown cat interrupted him, "I know who *you* are. *You* are ThunderClan!" he growled, flicking his tail in annoyance, "You're here to take Tawnypaw away,"

Whitefoot shook his head, "I am no ThunderClan cat, and I am not here for Tawnypaw," he said while sitting down and beginning to groom himself.

The tom cocked his head in confusion, "What?"

Whitefoot looked up, his white paw was blocking half of his face when he spoke, "I left ThunderClan because Tawnypaw is like a daughter to me," he explained, "she is my old best friend's daughter whom I helped raise," Whitefoot lowered his paw and narrowed his eyes at the brown tom, "Besides, I have more family here then I ever will in ThunderClan," he finished and swiftly went back to grooming himself.

The brown tom nodded, "Fair enough," he admitted, "Anyway, my name is Rowanpaw,"

Whitefoot felt shocked, this apprentice was so much larger than himself he though he was a young warrior, "If you're still an apprentice then you are going to be the biggest cat in the forest when you are leader," he ended with a chuckle.

Rowanpaw looked confused and somewhat happy, "Leader?"

Whitefoot smiled, "Of course, you carry yourself well, young one, I expect you to be leader of ShadowClan," Whitefoot said while getting up to stretch, "Rowanstar firece and respected leader of the future ShadowClan!"

Rowanpaw smiled enormously, "You're really nice for an outsider!" Rowanpaw exclaimed. The apprentice got up and flexed his claws, "I guess you'll want to see Tawnypaw huh?"

Whitefoot nodded, "That would be wonderful, Rowanpaw," Rowanpaw began to lead Whitefoot closer to the medicine den, and finally used his tail to point where Tawnypaw was and ran off to get some fresh kill. Whitefoot walked inside the medicine den to see Tawnypaw, Littlecloud, and Runningnose gathered around a wounded warrior. Tawnypaw was shivering in fear, Whitefoot got over to her as quick as possible to comfort her. She looked up at him in confusion, but he cut her off before she could ask any

questions, "Not right now, it doesn't matter," Whitefoot looked down at the wounded warrior to see that it was Ratscar, he was covered in bite marks and claw marks. Whitefoot looked to Runningnose, "I can help, I spent my fair time with Yellowfang and Cinderpelt,"

Runningnose looked at Littlecloud, they both had a reason to trust him for Littlecloud was inspired to train as a medicine cat because of Cinderpelt and Runningnose was trained by Yellowfang.

Runningnose nodded, "Alright, Whitefoot," he then commanded Whitefoot to grab certain types of herbs from the storage. Whitefoot did so quickly and returned with the herbs, "Chew these into a pulp," Littlecloud said while pushing some leaves over to Whitefoot. Whitefoot reluctantly chewed the bitter leaves until they were soft and spat them out onto a birch leaf, Runningnose spent no time dodling spreading the pulp over Ratscar's wounds. Once the pulp was on the warrior's wound it began to fizz and bubble.

Tawnypaw shrieked lightly when she saw it, "What is that?! Is he going to die?"

Littlecloud touched the top of the tawny apprentice's head and relpied, "No, that means the infection is leaving his wounds," he said softly, bringing his head up to watch Runningnose sniff the wound to be sure it was safe.

Runningnose nodded in agreement to what Littlecloud said, "He is right, Ratscar will be just fine,"

Whitefoot let out a sigh of relief, "That's good,"

Runningnose snapped his head up at Whitefoot as though he had forgotten the black warrior was in the den, "Yes, it is," he said with a slight growl, "What is your buisness here?"

Whitefoot understood the medicine cat's hostility, it seemed like every cat in ShadowClan was afriad Whitefoot was there to take Tawnypaw away, "I am here because Claw invited me to join ShadowClan. As you know he is my brother and I wish to become close to him once again," Whitefoot felt his throat catch as he lied

through his teeth about wanting to be with Claw.

Littlecloud nearly jumped with joy at the news, the young Medicine cat apprentice was always fond of Whitefoot, "Really?!" he said with a slight squeak in his voice, "That's great!"

Runningnose looked at Whitefoot with respect and pushed forward to whisper in his ear, brushing his cheek lightly, "Thank you," he said. Whitefoot realised his lie didn't fool Runningnose, the old medicine cat knew why Whitefoot was there. Runningnose walked past Whitefoot and outside, calling behind him for Littlecloud to follow.

Whitefoot turned to Tawnypaw, who looked very confused, she leaned down and licked Ratscar's ear, wishing for him to get better. Whitefoot smiled at her with pride, "They all like you,"

Tawnypaw stood up and licked her paw, wiping it over her face, "I am likeable," she replied, quickly wanting to change the subject, "Why are you here?"

Whitefoot looked down at Ratscar and replied, "Let's take this outside,"

Tawnypaw nodded and excited the den, Whitefoot followed her out into the clearing, he shivered at the wind on his fur. Tawnypaw led him to the fresh kill pile, which was almost bare, she picked up a frog and mumbled to him through her teeth, "We will share this,"

Whitefoot and Tawnypaw sat down at the edge of the clearing, she ripped the frog in half for Whitefoot, "Thank you," he said relectantly before taking a bite into the cold, sour frog.

Tawnypaw wasted no time getting back on topic, "Why are you here?"

Whitefoot gulped down the frog in his mouth and turned to her, "I am not here to take you away," he said, "I am here to be with you and protect you,"

Tawnypaw flew up in an instant, "I don't need protecting!" he growled, leaning down to pick up her frog and leave Whitefoot.

He decided not to chase after her, knowing it would be pointless, the apprentice was just as firey as her mother. Whitefoot heard footsteps beside him, he turned to see who was laying down next to him, he was surprised to see Leopardstar, "She won't trust you like that," the RiverClan leader said.

Whitefoot shook his head, "Why are you here?" he asked shocked.

Leopardstar sighed, "You have the memory of a fish," she said with a slight growl, "I am joined with ShadowClan to make ClawClan, remember?"

Whitefoot bowed his head in respect, "Ah, yes, I do believe I was told about that," he admitted, "I apologize for my ignorance,"

Leopardstar leaned inward close to Whitefoot's ear, "I don't think it was a good idea for you to come here,"

Whitefoot shook his head, "On the contrary! I am here with my brother and my former apprentice!" he said with a slight tinge of disqust that he referred to Claw as his brother.

Leopardstar flexed her claws, "No, fish brain, I mean you have now left your kits without parents," he said with a slight hiss, "I grew up without a mother, I know how it feels. You were mouse brained to leave to only kits you have for Claw and Tawnypaw," she got up in anger and stalked off to speak with Claw. Whitefoot felt his heart sink in his chest, he missed his kits already, he missed having their fur pressed into his while he told them stories about their mother. He looked up at the frosty sky and gazed at the stars, they were slightly hidden by the clouds almost as though it was a thin layer of ice covering StarClan, preventing him to see his one true love, Brindleface, sparkle in the sky while she watched over him. A searing though struck him, *has StarClan left me because of my choices?* A voice beside him sartled him back into reality.

"I know what you're thinking, 'has StarClan left me for leaving my clan?' right?" Whitefoot looked up to see Runningnose who had his gaze fixated on the stars as well, "They didn't leave you, they left ShaodwClan and RiverClan for abandoning the warrior code," the old cat heaved out a sigh, filling the air with a cloud coming from

his mouth, he layed down while sniffling, "Even though at times like these we need them the most they have left us to fend for ourselves,"

Whitefoot recognized the sadness in the old cat immediately as the same sadness Bluestar had before she died, "Runningnose, StarClan hasn't left you," Whitefoot gazed up at the sky and felt the icy chill of the clouds run down his spine, he began to stiffen up and twitch, he tried to ask for help, but he couldn't speak from some foam that was forming in his mouth, he could hear the muffled voice of Runningnose.

"He is reciving a prophecy!" the medicine cat exclaimed as he tried to calm down Whitefoot.

Whitefoot let his eyes slam shut, now that he knew it was a prophecy he made the choice not to fight it. He could hear a voice echoing in his mind, "The tiniest with defeat the claws" they shouted, the voices became more rapid and more loud, as though they were screeching in his ears. His eyes flew open, he saw he was in ShadowClan camp, but he saw StarClan cats as well as living cats everywhere. Whitefoot stumbled up onto his feet, still a little dizzy, as he licked the foam away from his mouth.

The voice of Runningnose broke into his temporary silence, "Whitefoot! Are you okay?"

Whitefoot shook his head, "There are StarClan cats everywhere!" he reported, hoping the old cat would know what it meant.

Runningnose was smiling uncontrollably, "StarClan has not left us," he said with glee, "They sent you a sign that they are still here,"

Whitefoot glared at Runningnose, "gee wow I am so honored to have been their *victim,*" he said with a mumbled voice, he quickly flicked away the rest of the foam from his mouth and looked back up to the sky, which was clear now, "They told me that 'th*e tiniest will defeat the claws'."* He reported, looking down again to see the camp no longer had StarClan cats in it.

Runningnose turned to Whitefoot in shock, "Your name used to be

Tinyclaw, right?" he asked.

Whitefoot was confused, but he answered anyway, "Yes it was, but it was changed due to the fact I am no longer that tiny, nor do I still want my kittypet ties,"

Runningnose's fur was on end, "You are the tiniest," he breathed.

Whitefoot knew exactly what Runningnose was implying, Runningnose thought that Whitefoot was the one who is going to kill Claw. Whitefoot felt uneasy, "I-I uh," he stuttered, looking for a way to leave. To his surprise Runningnose walked away before he could speak with a look of deep thought on his face. Whitefoot sighed and headed for the warriors' den. He found an empty nest and settled in.

Chapter 33: Prepare

It had been two days since Whitefoot had joined ShadowClan, and today they planned to meet WindClan and ThunderClan, with RiverClan and BloodClan at their sides, to decide the future of the forest. Warriors and apprentices alike were gathered around the exit to the ShadowClan camp, there was RiverClan cats as well. It wasnt long before they began to treck towards Four Trees. Whitefoot felt empty as he walked along side his new clan mates, he imagined they felt the same aswell.

It wasn't long until the reached four trees where he saw Firestar and Tallstar along with their clans. He could barely look the two leaders in the eyes due to his shame that he was fighting for the wrong cats. He looked at Claw, who was calling Whitefoot over to stand next to him. Whitefoot did so relectantly, feeling crushed by the look on Tallstar's face.

Tallstar took a step forward, "I always knew you were no good, right after the moment I watched you murder Tigerclaw!" the old leader hissed.

Whitefoot knew he had to keep his act that he was a ClawClan member, and so he forced himself to speak back, "That was vigilantics, not murder," he said with the slyest voice possible,

"Besides, you have no idea what family means, you have none after all" Whitefoot felt awful insulting Tallstar but he knew it was needed to fool Claw, "I need my brother as you need your clan,"

Mudclaw stepped forward, pushing Tallstar slightly, his claws flexed and his tail was poofed out, "I trusted you. I guess it turns out that you are just filthy scum like Tigerclaw was," the WindClan deputy growled. Tallstar pushed back his deputy, telling him not to start a fight.

Whitefoot felt relived when he saw Firestar leaned over and whispered in Tallstar's ear, the look and Tallstar's face suggested he had found out why Whitefoot joined ClawClan.

Firestar turned to Claw, "So, Claw, I wish to tell you that our intention is not to fight,"

Claw replied quickly, glinting his modified claws he laughed, "Oh, but mine is," he said with a sneer, "and I came prepared,"

Whitefoot turned his gaze to watch Blood walk in with her clan, BloodClan. His sister sat down next to him, she leaned into his ear, "If you get in our way I will destroy you,"

Whitefoot answered in a normal tone, "I have no intention to," he said without turning even a glance at his sister. Blood mumbled something else he couldn't hear.

Claw nudged Whitefoot, "I want you to do me a favour to prove yourself," he said loudly and clearly, "Kill Ashpaw, your son" Whitefoot looked up at Claw with shock, but didn't argue, he got up and stalked towards Ashpaw, regreting every step he took closer to his son. Whitefoot shook his head. He wasn't loyal to Claw and Blood! He spun around on Claw, baring his teeth, "I refuse to kill my own son!"

The fur on Claw's back immediately spiked as Claw grew with hostility.

"Then I shall do it for you!" the ShadowClan leader hissed.

Whitefoot stepped closer to Claw, baring his teeth in anger, "No you

won't, you may have taken Brindleface from me but you will never get my son!"

Claw flew into a sudden rage and flung himself and Whitefoot. Whitefoot moved swiftly to the side and scratched Claw's shoulder, sending the leader to the ground with his belly exposed. Whitefoot spent not time sinking his claws into his brother's neck and raking down his belly, leaving blood soaking his coat along with the coats of cats near by. Whitefoot noticed there was pink parts falling out of Claw's belly, his guts. He could hear Firestar beside him gasp in horror. He looked up away fron the twitching body below him to see that all eyes were on him, every cat including his kits saw what he just did. Whitefoot looked back down, ready for Claw's other lives to kick in. The voice of Runningnose could be heard behind all of the worried chatter, "He is losing all nine lives,"

Whitefoot turned to Blood, seeing his oppertunity to scare off the BloodClan leader, "This is what forest cats like me do to outsiders such as you and Claw," he growled, "I suggest you leave and don't come back,"

Blood narrowed her eyes in anger, "I will be back in three days, if the clans don't vacate the area I will be forced kill you all!" she signaled with her tail for her clan to follow her back to twoleg place, they did so and BloodClan was completely gone in a short bit. Whitefoot wanted nothing more than to tell Blackfoot he was going to go back to ThunderClan, but he decided to simply let the new leader leave, but before the white cat left he let out solemnly, "Let us meet here tommorow. Alright Firestar, Leopardstar, and Tallstar?"

Firestar nodded, "Alright, Blackfoot,"

Blackfoot and all of ShadowClan left in no time, as did RiverClan. WindClan and ThunderClan stood alone now all staring at eachother in confusion. Whitefoot glance at Tallstar who was staring at him with a terrified expression, Whitefoot decided against going close to any cat due to the blood staining his fur. Whitefoot stepped a little closer to the WindClan leader, "I am sorry you had to see that" he said before quickly joining the mass of ThunderClan.

Whitefoot didn't feel dreadful about his brother's death, in fact, he felt as though he had won something. Whitefoot may have been soaked in blood and feared by all cats near him but he felt happy and relieved that Claw was finally dead.

Chapter 35: The Battle With BloodClan

It was finally the day for the clans to go to battle with BloodClan, Whitefoot dreaded this day, he knew today was the day Blood would die. He remembered his mother, Quince, and wondered how she would feel about what is going on with her kits. He shivered, he knew he would be ashamed if his son, Ashpaw, ever tried to murder any cat. He decided to go talk to his kits before the battle, he didn't want to go into battle before he could tell them how much he loved them. He was in the warriors den and pushed his way out. Breathing in the cold air. He walked over to the apprentices' den, Ashpaw and Fernpaw were sitting outside it. Whitefoot noted that both his kits were now bigger than him, he smiled with pride.

Ashpaw smiled when he saw his father approach, "Hello dad," he meowed deeply.

Fernpaw licked Whitefoot's cheek, "How are you?" she asked.

Whitefoot smiled at her, she was the spitting image of Brindleface now, his heart felt warm as he remembered her mother. He snapped back to the conversation, "I just wanted to tell you two that you are to have no mercy in this battle," he said sternly, "BloodClan fight with no code, so why should we?"

Ashpaw nodded, "I know,"

Dustpelt padded towards them, he meowed even more sternly than Whitefoot, "Listen to your father, he is right," he said, "You have no idea how cruel these cats are, they may have been worse than even Tigerclaw,"

Fernpaw shivered, she stepped closer to Dustpelt, mingling her fur with his, "I will admit that I am nervous,"

Whitefoot stretched up to lick his daughter's cheek, "I know Blood

better than any cat, on the outside she is tough, but in her heart she is still a kittypet,"

Dustpelt showed a slight glint of admiration towards Whitefoot, "I know as well as any cat we are all going to come home safely, trust me,"

Whitefoot heard the voice of Whitestorm calling him, "I have to go, senior warrior duties call," he said quickly licking Ashpaw's head before walking over to the ThunderClan deputy.

Whitestorm simply greeted his friend with a flick of his tail, "If either one of us joins StarClan today, I want you to know I love you like a brother," he said. Whitefoot and Whitestorm had been raised by Bluestar, so they were just like brothers.

Whitefoot smiled at his friend, "I love you to, Whitestorm," he breathed.

Whitefoot wanted to continue their conversation but Firestar's call pulled them out. This was the call for them to head to battle.

It felt like forever walking to four trees for the battle, barely any cats spoke on the way their, all for different reasons, some were scared, some angry, others didn't know what they were feeling. They pushed into the clearing at Four Trees, they appeared to be the last clan there.

Whitefoot remembered that Firestar was leading this battle as the leader of LionClan. He felt his blood go cold as he saw the BloodClan cats enter the clearing, he flexed his claws in preparation for the battle. Blood approached Firestar and the other clan leaders, "I see you decided to stay,"

Firestar held still, not moving a muscle, "We did,"

Blood grinned a toothy grin, "Blood will be spilled," she growled, "BloodClan! Attack!"

Firetar waited not a second for his retort, "LionClan, Attack!"

Immediately cats flew into battle and Whitefoot felt himself get

barreled over by a large BloodClan cat, he twisted around as well as he could to scratch the she~cat's eyes. The BloodClan molly hissed in pain, but immediately went back to fighting, Whitefoot matched her blow for blow. He dodged and counteracted her attacks on his with swiftness and speed. Whenever her claws did sink into his skin though is was the most searing pain he had ever felt, she seemed to have very sharpened claws. He ignored the pain and slashed her shoulder, sending her off limping for safety. He didn't have but a second before a BloodClan tom was on top of him, this tom was almost as big as Tigerclaw. The tom pushed down with all his might on Whitefoot's throat. Whitefoot stuggled to break free of the BloodClan cat's grasp but failed ever time. He almost gave up hope before he heard a hot, raspy voice in his ear, the voice of Tigerclaw, he whispered, "This isn't the Tinyclaw I know, fight!"

Whitefoot shook his head with a sudden burst of energy, he pushed his legs out, raking the tom's belly with his hind claws. The tom hissed and pain and quickly jumped off. Whitefoot scoffed, *he remembers what I did to Claw.*

Whitefoot sprung out at the tabby tom, catching his face with his claws. Whitefoot hit his face, over and over again. The huge tom pulled back and shook the blood off of his face, "You've won for now, filthy forest cat!" he hissed before racing off to find a new opponent.

Whitefoot looked around for his kits, it took him a bit but he eventually spotted Fernpaw and Ashpaw fighting right next to Cloudtail and Bramblepaw. Whitefoot spotted Firestar not too far off from them. Whitefoot narrowed his eyes at the cat he was fighting, "Darkstripe?!" he gasped out loud and he saw the familiar face staring down his flame-coloured leader. He watched as Darkstripe laded a blow hard on Firestar's flank, toppling the ginger leader over. Darkstripe now had his former leader pinned to the ground, hr said something, but Whitefoot couldn't hear it. Whitefoot grew worried about Firestar losing a life, but to his relief he saw a flash of gray fur come in and stike Darkstripe down. Whitefoot began to look around again, realising he needed to be fighting. He heard a familiar yowl come from behind him, he spun around to see Whitestorm pinned to the ground by a tawny BloodClan cat.

Whitefoot began to run over as quick as possible, but to his horror he watched as the tawny cat swung her paw down and sliced the ThunderClan deputy's throat. Whitefoot yowled at the tawny she~cat with fury, luckily he was backed up by apprentices Tawnypaw, Bramblepaw, Ashpaw, and Fernpaw to get rid of her. He watched as the apprentices piled on top of the BloodClan cat, creating a blood bath. Whitefoot ran over to Whitestorm quickly and pressed on his wound to stop it from bleeding.

Whitestorm coughed weakly, "Where is Firestar?" he asked with a shake in his tone.

Whitefoot called Firestar over quickly, the ginger leader had already been on his way over. Firestar bent down and nudged Whitestorm's face with his nose, "Please don't die," Graystripe padded over to Whitestorm as well.

Whitestorm lifted his head up weakly, "I always knew I wasn't destined to be deputy,"

Whitefoot could barely speak, the cat he grew up next to was dying before his eyes, Firestar lifted his head in surprise, "What do you mean?!"

Whitestorm smiled, just barely due to his energy being drained from the wound in his neck, "StarClan destined Graystripe to be your deputy," the white tom set down his head again and closed his eyes, he let out one last whisper, "I am coming Bluestar, I am coming Snowfur, I am coming Thistleclaw,"

Whitefoot felt Whitestorm's heart beat stop, he lifted his paw off of the wound and bowed his head in respect to the fallen warrior.

Firestar turned to Graystripe, still looking a bit shaken, "You heard what he said, you shall be my deputy,"

Graystripe bowed his head in respect and raced off into the battle again. Whitefoot turned to Firestar, "I will take his body to he edge of the battle, so we can bury his properly later," he said while picking up the limp body of Whitestorm in his jaws. Firestar said nothing, but he did have a sudden anger flare up in his eyes, he had

revenge on his mind. Whitefoot dragged the body of his friend to the edge of the clearing, praying to StarClan for Whitestorm's lost life. Whitefoot knew Whitestorm was there beside him, trying to tell him something. Whitefoot knew it was his friend giving one last thanks for everything Whitefoot had done for him. Whitefoot spoke in a muffled tone due to his mouth being full, "I, nor any of ThunderClan, will forget you," he said.

Whitefoot finally made it to the edge of the clearing with the body, he set it down in some bushes and looked back out onto the battle, he saw the cat who killed Whitestorm lying dead on the ground surrounded with the apprentices who attacked her. Whitefoot noted that his son, Ashpaw, had the most blood on his paws compared to the other apprentices. Whitefoot felt the same revenge he saw in Firestar grow inside him, he was going to avenge the death of Whitestorm with every petty BloodClan life if it was the last thing he would do.

Whitefoot heard a screech like no other, one filled with pain and surprise. He recognized the voice as his brother's voice, Firestar. Whitefoot rushed toward the sound to see to his horror that Blood had killed the leader of LionClan. Whitefoot looked over to see Blood cleaning her paws with pride, he flew into a rage and launched himself at his last remaining littermate, "You'll pay for killing him!" he yowled in fury.

Blood moved simply to the side, she managed to claw Whitefoot's face while she did so. She got the upper hand, taking non stop swipes at Whitefoot's face while he hopelessly tryed to dodge them, he watched as she swept her tail around her side and took the oppertunity to clamp his jaws down on it. Blood let out a yowl of pain, she slashed down with all her might in retort at Whitefoot's eyes. Whitefoot yowled in pain and retracted his attack, shaking the blood out of his eyes he realised with horror that everything around him was black, he couldn't see anything, Whitefoot had been blinded.

Whitefoot had no clue what to do, he didn't know if Blood was even still there, he tried his hardest to look like he knew what he was doing, but a voice behind him made him realise he wasn't even facing the right way, "You can't see!" the voice of Blood mocked, "I

have blinded you!" she celebrated.

Whitefoot spun around to fight her again, "I don't need to see in order to kill you!"

Whitefoot was about to spring forward at the BloodClan leader, until he heard the thumping of paws coming close, the voice of Firestar rang out, "Leave her to me, Whitefoot!" the thumping grew louder as he approached.

Blood let out a shocked hiss, "But-but you're dead!" she had just managed to let out those last words before Whitefoot could hear Firestar slam down onto her, toppling her over. From what Whitefoot could hear the two were rolling around the grass in a bloody brawl. It didn't take long for Whitefoot to hear the death screech of Blood and the ripping of her collar. Whitefoot approached the sound, all he could hear were gargles of blood in her throat whenever she tried to growl.

Firestar let out a triumphant meow, "It's over, BloodClan is defeated,"

Whitefoot heard the shocked yowls of the BloodClan cats surrounding him, "Blood is dead," they screamed, "Retreat, BloodClan, retreat!"

Whitefoot could hear their paw thumping out of the forest and back to twoleg place. Whitefoot turned his head over to his ginger leader, "We have won," he said, "It's over now,"

Elderhood

In this section Whitefoot has become an elder due to his old age and his blindness. Blackfoot is now Blackstar, leader of ShadowClan. Firestar has come back from his journey to fix SkyClan and has two new kits. Whitefoot lives his life out as an elder, listening to the new arrival of twolegs in their territory who are taking the trees with giant monsters. I would also like to say that I am sorry for so much back and forth dialogue, seeing as Whitefoot is blind now I have had a few issues writing him properly to suit his vivid personality. Anyways, I hope you enjoy the LAST part of Tinyclaw's New Path. I will be adding onto the main story with short stories based around Whitefoot's world, so stay aware if you want to know more about Whitefoot's life and what you didn't get to see. Now, onto the story you go.

Chapter 36: Monsters

Whitefoot had begun to get used to his life as an elder, he had been an elder for almost 12 moons now. He could feel his age dragging on him every day, but he was happy to have his friends Goldenflower, Frostfur, Longtail, and Mousefur at his sides in the elders' den along with other elders too. This morning he woke up peacefully in his nest, not a day went by though that he regretted not having Brindleface waking up next to him. He pushed himself up weakly, sniffing to find the exist of the den, he walked in a stumbled pattern. He smelled around for the fresh kill pile, quickly finding the scent of blood he padded over until he felt the fur of a squirrel touch his paws. He reached down to pick up the prey and headed instinctively to the spot where he, Lionheart, and Whitestorm used to sit and eat. Now a days he sat there alone, as the clan was short on prey due to the twolegs the warriors were all out hunting and the elders were always busy. Since he hadn't mastered being blind yet there wasn't much for him to do but practice his hearing and smelling abilities so he could at least walk in a straight line.

Whitefoot had been more grumpy these days, not being able to hunt, fight, and see really got to him. He listened to the sounds of the trees whistling, he smiled remembering the time he had fallen out of the tree and Brindleface had given him an earful for jumping right off of a tree after a squirrel. Whitefoot was pulled out of his thoughts when he felt a fluffy round thing bump into his side, he sniffed the air and looked towards the thing that hit him, "Squirrelpaw?" he asked.

Squirrelpaw took a step back, her voice sounded guilty, "Sorry, Whitefoot, I didn't mean to," she said, he could hear her shuffling her paws anxiously, "I was playing with Shrewpaw. You're not going to tell Firestar are you?"

Whitefoot frowned, he didn't want to get her in trouble, "No, I guess you're lucky I am in a good mood for the first time in a long time," he sighed.

Squirrelpaw layed down next to Whitefoot, he could feel her drooling on his paw, "Are you going to finish that squirrel?" she asked, he heard her tongue go over her lips.

Whitefoot laughed, "Go ahead, you must be exhausted from all the hunting you've done,"

Squirrelpaw didn't waste a second before reaching down and taking the squirrel, "Mhm, I was out with Brambleclaw and Ashfur today and we saw a badger!" she exclaimed.

Whitefoot felt concerned for his son's safety, "Is Ashfur okay?" he asked urgently.

Squirrelpaw laughed, "Yep! He managed to hide in a bush while Brambleclaw and I hid in a tree," she explained with her mouth full, "Ashfur only got a scratch from the bush,"

Whitefoot sighed in relief, he was happy that his son was safe. He heard small foot steps come towards him, he could smell his daughter's son, Shrewpaw approach, "Hi Whitefoot," he said, quickly adding, "It's me, Shrewpaw," he said after he realised Whitefoot couldn't see him.

Whitefoot smiled, he had no clue if he was even looking at the young tom, "How are you today, Shrewpaw?" he asked.

Shrewpaw layed down on the other side of Whitefoot, "Good, mama told me to tell you she wants to take you on a walk today,"

Whitefoot cocked his head in confusion, "Ferncloud said that?"

Shrewpaw didn't say anything, Whitefoot assumed he had nodded as soon as Shrewpaw let of a worried squeak, "Sorry, um, yes she did say that,"

Whitefoot chuckled, "No need to worry, Shrewpaw, I don't care about that," he said to let his grand son know he wasn't mad about the nodding, "Thank you for telling me," he said pushing himself up, "You two have fun. Okay?" he said while walking away.

Squirrelpaw called out happily, "Okay!"

Whitefoot smelled around for the smell of kits and milk, he quickly found it and headed towards it. Once he got to the den he circled it for the entrance, he eventually found it and pushed his way in. He smelled his daughter immediately, "Ferncloud? Is that you?" he asked.

Ferncloud stood up, it sounded as though she was stretching, "Hey, dad," she meowed in greeting.

Whitefoot sat down, "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Shrewpaw actually told you?" she sounded surprised, "Well, anyways, I wanted to go on a walk with you, there is something troubling me and I want to talk to you about it,"

Whitefoot laughed, "Who better to tell then your own father?"

Ferncloud laughed, brushing past Whitefoot on her way out to let him know where she was going, "This way," she said.

Whitefoot followed her voice, making sure he had her tail tip touching his chest so he could follow her.

It wasn't long before the reached the river, Whitefoot listened to the river flow gently as the two cats sat next to the water. Whitefoot leaned down to lap up the water, only to be met with mud.

Ferncloud let out a slight giggle, "Two paw steps ahead of you, Whitefoot,"

Whitefoot grunted in frustration, stepping forward his tongue finally met the water. He lapped it up graciously. He gave thanks to StarClan for sparing him, otherwise he couldn't of comforted Ferncloud.

Ferncloud sighed, "There isn't much prey this season," she said, "I have already lost two of my kits,"

Whitefoot winced, he remembered how terrible he felt when Ferncloud's kits died, "I am sorry, I wish I could have saved them,"

Ferncloud shuffled her paws, "But you couldn't, neither could Cinderpelt and Leafpaw," she said solemnly, "That's why I am scared," she leaned into her father and continued with what she was saying, "If even our medicine cats can't help us, who will?"

Whitefoot sighed, he licked the top of his daughter's head, "StarClan," he replied softly.

Ferncloud pulled away and stated in a hostile tone, "When was the last time StarClan showed themselves in the sky?!"

Whitefoot wrapped his tail around her, "StarClan is always there, your kits are watching us, and your mother is watching us," he let his head drop, he realised with pain how much Ferncloud had lost, "You're too young,"

Ferncloud sounded confused, "Too young?"

Whitefoot looked at Ferncloud, almost sure he was staring her in the eye he spoke, "You're a young queen, you shouldn't have lost so many cats in your life by now," he sighed, Ferncloud leaned back into him, she purred slightly, "I have yet to lose you, Ashfur, and Dustpelt," she said, she licked Whitefoot's cheeck, "And you have a family right here in the clan, Firestar, Squirrelpaw, Leafpaw, Me,

Ashfur, Shrewpaw, and Birchkit all have your blood," she said in a comforting tone. Whitefoot perked his ears up, he heard a cracking sound behind him, his hearing was much better now that he was blind. He turned around to face the sound.

Ferncloud sat up straight too, she had noticed Whitefoot's ears perk, "What is it, father?"

Whitefoot pointed his paw to where he thought he heard the sound, "Something is over there," he said.

Ferncloud sniffed the air, she made a disqusted sound when she did, "Smell that?" she asked.

Whitefoot snelled the air and sure enough he smelled the foul stench that usually lingered on thunder path, "It's a monster," he confirmed, "But what is its scent doing this far in the forest?"

Ferncloud jumped in shock, "My kits! What if it's going to hurt my kits?!" she exclaimed, "I will kill every twoleg in thag monster before it *ever* touches *my* kits!" she hissed, she began trotting towards the smell, "Let's go Whitefoot, I want to investigate this!"

Whitefoot sighed, he did what she said though and brushed up beside her so she could guide him, he knew there was no stopping her from protecting her kits. *She is just like her mother,* he thought.

It took them a while the reach the monster, whether to blame their slow pace or the fact Whitefoot had tripped over almost every stump he did not know. Whitefoot knew they had approached the monster because he could feel the fur on his daughter's back stand on end.

"By StarClan!" she gasped, "Whitefoot, we need to run away, try not to trip on anything!" she commanded while backing up.

Whitefoot cocked his head in confusion, "Why?"

Ferncloud continued backig up with her fur on end, "It's as tall as one hundred badgers!"

Whitefoot imagined a monster that big and immediately turned

around and ran towards the forest, for some reason it felt as though StarClan was guiding his paws in the right direction because he didn't trip on anything and he seemed to be leading Ferncloud back. He wound around the trees until he could smell ThunderClan camp, he let Ferncloud go ahead of him so she could lead him through the brambles and into the camp. Once they got in they were surprised to come accross a wailing Whitepaw.

Whitefoot and Ferncloud approached the apprentice, "What's wrong?" Whitefoot asked.

Whitepaw tryed her hardest to not sound sad, "My parents haven't come back for two night falls now!"

Whitefoot remebered how Brightheart and Cloudtail had gone missing, he didn't notice them being gone too much because he couldn't see them anymore, but he understood the pain Whitepaw was feeling, "We will find them, I promise,"

Whitepaw had a hint of doubt in her tone, most likely that she didn't want to hear about finding her parents from a blind cat, "I can't know that for sure,"

Whitefoot heard the familiar scowl of Mousefur, "Don't you see Whitefoot, you mouse-brain? StarClan has left us,"

Longtail's voice chimed in, "Don't speak like that, Mousefur!" he said.

Whitefoot nodded in approval, "Also saying 'don't you see' to me is usless, because I literally cannot see," he added jokingly.

Ferncloud nudged Whitefoot's side, "we need to speak to Firestar," she said urgently before pushing Whitefoot to the leader's den.

Firestar greeted the two cats with a merrow, "Hello,"

Ferncloud nodded in greeting, "Tell him what we saw, Whitefoot," she ordered.

Whitefoot felt awkward, "I can't," he said, reminding his daughter he didn't actually see anything.

Ferncloud sighed and described to the ginger leader what they had saw. Firestar was shocked and surprised, he was silent for a bit and then he finally spoke, "This is what happened to SkyClan," he said, "The other leaders won't like this,"

Whitefoot nodded in agreement, "A big change is approaching the clan life we know and love," he announced, "This is a test from StarClan,"

Chapter 37: Stay to Protect

It had been a few moons since Whitefoot had first encountered the monsters, and now the huge creatures were everywhere and ThunderClan barely had any forest. Squirrelpaw and Brambleclaw had returned from a journey to find a new home and all of the leaders had agreed to leave their homes and move somewhere else. Whitefoot was half starved as he was sprawling himself out on Sunning Rocks, he worried about his kits non stop, but as far as he could see they were healthier than he. Firestar was gathering warriors and apprentices to leave for their new homes. Whitefoot had already made the decision to stay back in their territory along with other elders, including Frostfur. The white she~cat was laying next to him, curled up and sick. Whitefoot smelled Firestar approach them, the leader bent down and touched his nose, "I will miss you, you have been a loyal and good friend,"

Whitefoot smiled slightly, "Lead your clan well, I will watch over you all from StarClan," he pushed his paw out to get Firestar to leave, "Go, quit stalling," he commanded.

Firestar turned around and walked away slowly, Whitefoot could hear him dragging his feet.

Forstfur lifted her head up and watched the cats leave, "I am glad we said good bye to our kits yesterday, I wouldn't be able to do it today," she said solemnly.

Whitefoot laid his head on his feet sadly, "Yeah," he said blankly, closing his eyes and remebering everything that had led to this moment, he clenched his teeth in agony, half from the pain of his starving belly and half from the pain of his life coming to an end.

Whitefoot raised his head and stared directly at Frostfur, "I will miss it all,"

Frostfur snuggled into Whitefoot, "Me too," she said.

Whitefoot closed his eyes once again, he left them shut for as long as possible until he no longer had to force them shut. He didn't know how much time had passed since the clan had left, but he did know that he was about to reach his final heart beat soon. He had no idea if Frostfur was even still alive, but he didn't have the energy to check.

He opened his eyes again to see himself in starry surroundings, he looked around, what he was *seeing* was beautiful, his eyes rested on one gray she~cat, "Brindleface," he said rushing up to her.

She licked his cheek, "Welcome to StarClan, my love"

END

Dear Reader,
Thank you for taking the time to read my first and longest completed story on Wattpad. I truely hope yoh enjoyed it and I ask of you to stay watching this book because I plan to write short stories based around it and different information pieces about it.

Sincerely,
Scar

Tinyclaw's New Path: Extras

I bet you didn't imagine Whitefoot looking like Scourge, did you? You probably didn't because he had a completely different life for his to form what he looks like, he adapted to a different habitat if you will. So what did Tiny look like? What did Tinypaw look like? What did Tinyclaw look like? And how did Whitefoot's looks change when he became an elder? I am about to answer all of these questions with descriptions of the Warrior we have all come to know, and whom I have come to love. (seriously I was nearly brought to tears when I wrote his death, I didn't want him to go!)

So here is what you came for: descriptions for the cats I introduced newly to the story or cats you may not know the descriptions of!

《**Tiny:** A young kittypet with one white paw Large, happy, icy blue eyes. A collar with a bell on it that hangs loosely around his neck. A short tail. He is small and a bit on the chubby.

Tinypaw: A smaller than average black apprentice with one white paw. His eyes are a bright icy blue colour. His fur is short, but messy. He has a small scar on his shoulder from a fight with a StarClan cat for his right to live in the forest. His tail is fairly short. He is of average weight for a cat his size.

Tinyclaw: He has a scar over his right eye from a fight with Bone. His fur is medium length, black, and he has one white paw. He is well muscled with long, sharp claws. He has a scar that is fairly faded on his shoulder. He has two nicks in his left ear. His eyes are a duller than before, icy blue. He is the same size as the average apprentice

Whitefoot (senior warrior): Battle scarred with a ragged, groomed as well as possible pelt. His eyes are an icy coloured, dull blue. He has one folded over ear from all of the nicks in it. He has a faded black pelt with one white paw. He has long, sharp claws. He is the size of an apprentice.

Whitefoot (Elder): He has no fur around his eyes due to many scars surrounding them. He is blind with dull blue eyes. He is skinny, almost like a mummy. He has patchy, battle scarred fur. He is small, dark gray, and has one white paw. He has long, dull claws.》

《**Ruby (kit):** She is a larger, dusty gray she~cat with a unidentified colourwise collar. She has green eyes.

Ruby (rogue): A skinny, dusty gray she~cat with a collar with no definite colour, the collar has one or two dog teeth from Samwise in it. She has battle scars. She has green eyes

Blood (leader): Well muscled dusty gray she~cat with a collar full of dog teeth, claws, and other bones. She is battle scarred with green eyes.》

《**Socks (kit):** Black and white tom with long, fluffy fur. He has blue eyes and a collar with a bell. He is the largest kit of his litter.

Socks (Rogue): Skinny, underweight black and white tom with a collar that has cat claws in it.

Claw (leader): Well muscled, battle scarred black and white tom. He has a collar with dog, cat, and other animal teeth and claws in it.》

Clearing things up:

I bet there was a few things in here that you wondered why they happened or what happened next. Right? Well, I am going to answer those questions for you.

What ever happened to the prophecy that Ashkit should be killed?

Whitefoot finds out that because he wasn't there to help his son handle falling in love, Ashfur didn't handle it well at all. Whitefoot found out what Spottedleaf had mean't when Ashfur helped take one of Firestar's lives and burn Leafpools kits alive. Whitefoot was disqusted in his son, for he too knew what it was like to be regected. He hadn't gotten mad when Frostfur didn't return his feelings and Whitefoot couldn't comprehend how Ashfur thought

was he was doing was okay. Whitefoot was, however, pleased to have his son in StarClan with him, but he did ignore Ashfur for a very long time as a punishment for what his son had done. I plan to go into deeper detail with this in a short story.

Why did Whitefoot deside to kill Claw the way he did?

Whitefoot remembered having a training session in the Dark Forest on how to take multiple lives from a leader, he used the move he learned on Claw.

Why did Socks and Ruby become evil?

They saw what Tinyclaw had with his clan life and became dangerously jealous. They met Bone and Brick who said if they didn't get rid of a disruptive dog they would have to leave twoleg place. Ruby and Socks fought the dog and eventually scared it off. The cats of twoleg place saw this and praised them. Socks and Ruby ceased this oppertunity to demean Tinyclaw once again.

Why did you make Tigerclaw and Whitefoot have a romance?

I wanted some gay love in this, so I did it. I also needed a reason for Whitefoot to continue his training in the Dark Forest even after Tigerclaw died because he had only joined to discover Tigerclaw's whereabouts so he could murder him.

Why did Brindleface become mates with Whitefoot?

How I had written him made it perfect for him to be her mate. I also found it suiting that he was the father of Ashfur, seeing as in the actual books Ashfur's real father is never mentioned.

Why were some scenes different from the actual books?

Copyrights things :/

Why did you make basically a whole part for Tinyclaw being a kittypet?

Because I wanted he and his mother to bond again and I wanted him to meet his father and realise Firestar was his brother and that Tallstar and Jake were hella gay for eachother.

Here is just little facts about the story:

Whitefoot favoured Ferncloud over Ashfur because she reminded him so much of Brindleface. He still loved both of his kits though.

Whitefoot and Brindleface are mates in StarClan.

Brindleface was not mad about Whitefoot growing close to Frostfur after she died because she knew her mate and sister would never betray her like that.

Frostfur never returned Tinyclaw's feelings for her.

Bluestar saw Tinyclaw as a son and was happy she could raise him and Whitestorm because she missed her own kits.

Whitefoot and Stonefur are close friends in StarClan.

Whitefoot watched over Ivypool and Dovewing because they were his great grand kits (Whitefoot fathers Ferncloud, Ferncloud mothers Birchfall, Birchfall fathers Ivypool and Dovewing, they are also related to Whitefoot trough Princess, Cloudtail, and Whitewing because Princess was his half sister)

Whitefoot watched over all of Ferncloud's kits and still does in StarClan

Tigerclaw returned Whitefoot's feelings of love.

Quince and Jake are still alive and well, Nutmeg has a new mate and Jake and Quince are living happily together in the home of a new twoleg.

Unlike the other StarClan cats, Whitefoot followed the cats sent to find Midnight to make sure they were safe.

Whitefoot welcomed Firestar to StarClan.

Whitefoot no longer has feelings for Tigerclaw.

Tinyclaw was there for Bluefur's kitting.

Tinyclaw's Patrol

Here is a short story featuring Tinyclaw and Tigerclaw!

Tinyclaw walked along side his brown tabby friend, Tigerclaw, as they headed towards the ShadowClan border.

Tigerclaw had been talking about how he was training Ravenpaw and sharing mentorship of Firepaw. Tinyclaw was only half listening to him though, his mind was lost in a whirl of emotions, as he had just recently began to have feelings for Brindleface and another cat in the clan.

"I am sick of that kittypet, Firepaw," Tigerclaw said, "He acts like he is a senior warrior," he ended with a growl.

Tinyclaw gave a slight chuckle, "You were like that too, you know!"

Tigerclaw seemed surprised, "Me? No!" he said with a slight smile. Tinyclaw could feel how close Tigerclaw was to him as they were walking, he could feel the tabby deputy's every breath as his sides move inward and outward, Tinyclaw looked down in embarrassment. Tigerclaw pushed even closer into Tinyclaw's side, "Looking away from me won't hide your feelings," he breathed into the black cat's ear.

Tinyclaw took a step away, glaring at Tigerclaw, "I have no clue what feelings you could be talking about," he said with a slight stutter.

Tigerclaw steped towards Tinyclaw again, wrapping his bushy tail around the small warrior's body, "I can tell you, if you'd like,"

Tinyclaw let a slight grin on his face, believing that Tigerclaw was only joking. He looked up and touched his nose to the large tabby's, "Go on," he said with a slight rumble in his voice.

Tigerclaw looked shocked, but he didn't for long. The deputy moved

swiftly in front of Tinyclaw, stopping the smaller warrior in his tracks, "Love," he said moving inward, making Tinyclaw have to sit, "Affection," he grinned. Tigerclaw was slowly forcing Tinyclaw to be laying down on his back, "Attraction," he finished once Tinyclaw was layed out on his back and the two toms were chest to chest and face to face.

Tinyclaw squirmed a bit, looking for words to say, "I-I uh," he didn't quite know what to say. Tinyclaw stopped thinking for a moment and let out two words he would soon regret, "I do,"

Tigerclaw grinned with delight, his breath hot on Tinyclaw's face, "Good,"

Tinyclaw pushed Tigerclaw off of him, "But I am mates with Brindleface," he said with a grunt as he stood up.

Tigerclaw narrowed his eyes and sighed, "And my mate is Goldenflower," he said with a clear tinge of sadness, "I am sorry, Tinyclaw,"

Tinyclaw brushed up against his friend, "It still doesn't mean what I said wasn't true,"

Tigerclaw's face lightened up with happiness. The two toms continued on their patrol happily, chatting like the good friends they were.

Ashfur: StarClan's Council

Whitefoot roamed the new forest ThunderClan lived in by the lake. He was invisible to living cats around him. He lifted his nose to the air and smelled around him, he noted two familiar scents that brought happiness to him at once. He headed towards the scent and sure enough he found Ashfur and Firestar walking side by side through the woods. He followed them, happy to see his family again. The two living cats approached the lake, Whitefoot's heart was bursting with joy to see the two cats were fairly plump, meaning they were eating well. Whitefoot stopped dead though when he heard a screech from Firestar.
He looked at the ginger leader in horror as he saw a fox trap snagged on his neck, causing blood the flow out.
"Ashfur!" The ThunderClan leader screamed in pain.
Whitefoot looked up at his son, surprised to see Ashfur didn't seem at all concerned; in fact, he had a slight smirk. The spotted gray warrior responded calmly, "I will go get help, Firestar," he responded before padding away to the brush cover. A thought crossed Whitefoot's mind, he remembered how StarClan had once told him Ashfur would cause trouble and that he shouldn't live to do it. Whitefoot knew Ashfur wasn't getting help just yet and saw the warrior's blue eyes gleaming in the bushes. Whitefoot approached his son and whispered in his ear.
"What are you doing?" he asked.
Ashfur checked over his shoulder to see that his father was there behind him, Ashfur's eyes were filled with anger and sorrow as the stared at the black StarClan cat, "I'm taking one of Firestar's lives,"
Whitefoot narrowed his eyes at his son, he was furious at his actions, "Why?"
Ashfur gave a slight sniker as if he couldn't believe the question being asked, "For revenge on Squirrelflight, if she won't be my mate then she will pay,"
Whitefoot hissed at Ashfur, "You're insane! She has no obligation to be your mate, and by how your acting now I think she made the right choice!" Whitefoot looked up through the bushes when he heard a gasp. He saw Brambleclaw and Hawkfrost standing next to

Firestar.
Ashfur turned and bolted away towards camp before Whitefoot could say anything. Whitefolt stared at the scene in dismay, Ashfur and Hawkfrost had planned to trap Firestar and kill him so they could frame Brambleclaw for his death. Whitefoot felt slightly relieved when he saw Brambleclaw leaning in to release his leader. Whitefoot felt horror shoot through him when Hawkfrost attacked Brambleclaw. He noticed a metal glint in Brambleclaw's mouth when Hawkfrost had him pinned down. Brambleclaw shot up his head and stabbed Hawkfrost in the throat. Hawkfrost fell over, stumbling off of his brother. Brambleclaw went straight to helping Firestar escape while Hawkfrost dragged himself into the lake, his blood stained the water red. The prophecy StarClan had given rang in Whitefoot's head, "Blood will spill blood and the lake will run red," Hawkfrost was likely dead by now.
Whitefoot heard a patrol behind him, Ashfur was leading it with Squirrelflight, Sandstorm, and other cats among it. Whitefoot decided to return to StarClan so he could greet Firestar as he got a new life. Before he did he shot a glare at Ashfur, dissappointed in his son.

Many moons later Whitefoot had grown more and more angry with his son, watching him snap at Brambleclaw and Squirrelflight for no reason regularly and abusing Lionblaze while he trained him. Ashfur had followed a dark path, Whitefoot knew Ashfur had visited Hawkfrost a couple times in the Dark Forest. Whitefoot was preparing for the sorrow of a storm that was striking ThunderClan, at the moment he was aware that the forest was engulfed in flames. He heard the wailing of a cat near by, he followed the sound to Spottedleaf.
"What's wrong, Spottedleaf?" He asked the former medicine cat.
Spottedleaf simply nodded her head forward and said, "Ashfur has Squirrelflight and her kits trapped!"
Whitefoot followed her gaze and looked down to see an angry Squirrelflight trying to defend her kits as she revealed the truth of them. Ashfur was trying to take Hollyleaf, Jayfeather, and Lionblaze's lives and Squirrelflight was forced to reveal the truth of their birth in order to save them. Ashfur quickly took off as he announced he planned to reveal her secret and ruin ThunderClan, leaving the three able to get free.

Spottedleaf turned to Whitefoot with anger, "I told you he needed to die! Now Firestar's family is ruined!" She hissed in sorrow as she wisked away.
Whitefoot stopped her, "I was never supposed to join ThunderClan but I never listened to StarClan's plea for me to leave. Without me ThunderClan would never be where is was today. Besides, it's wrong to kill a kit," he said, trying to defend himself.
Spottedleaf looked back at him, her eyes filled with sadness, "just as Cinderpelt once said. We cannot change our destinies, we must know what they are and accept them." She said, "Changing you own destiny could have very well destroyed ThunderClan," Spottedleaf finished before walking away.
Whitefoot looked down at Squirrelflight and her terrified kits. *Did I really cause this?*

Not long after the fire Whitefoot sat by the river between ThunderClan and WindClan with Ashfur. Ashfur could only hear his father's voice.
"I don't approve of what you are doing," he said, gazing into the flowing water.
Ashfur was staring at his reflection, scowling, "I don't need you to," Whitefoot knew his son was going to die today, at the claws of his own clan mate. Whitefoot continued as if he hadn't heard Ashfur, "When StarClan judges whether you go to the Dark Forest or not I will be voting against you," he said with a sigh.
Ashfur's expression seemed to look saddened at that, but he shook it away, "Fine then, I will be with Hawkfrost!" He hissed, "Leave me alone!"
Whitefoot stepped away and went to watch Ashfur from a distance. He saw a black cat emerge from the bushes behind him and stalk him like prey. Ashfur seemed to heard the cat and hissed without looking at the cat, "You can't change my mind Squirrelflight, I will ruin you and your family," Ashfur sniffed the air for scent, he turned around when he realized it wasn't Squirrelflight behind him, "Hollyleaf?" He asked in confusion.
Hollyleaf was glaring at the gray warrior, "You'll ruin ThunderClan if you reveal the secret," she said with her tail swishing in annoyance.
"I don't care about ThunderClan at the moment, only revenge on your so called 'mother'!" Ashfur spat back.

Hollyleaf let out a warning swipe accross Ashfur's face, leaving blood to trickle out. Whitefoot knew that Ashfur's end would come soon as the gray warrior leapt at Hollyleaf and engaged her in a fight.

Many moons after that Whitefoot had been very cold to Ashfur, Brindleface often got upset about it. But occasionally the three would have family outings of hunting and play fighting. Ashfur had been spending his time in StarClan trying to earn his father's respect back by watching over Leafpool, Lionblaze, Jayfeather, Hollyleaf, Squirrelflight, and Brambleclaw.
As time went on Ashfur's attempts began to work and Whitefoot finally made good with his son, the entire family came together to greet Ferncloud and Hollyleaf to StarClan when the time came.